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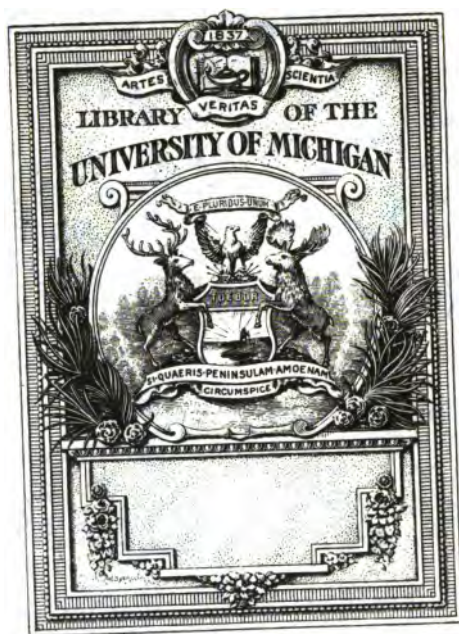
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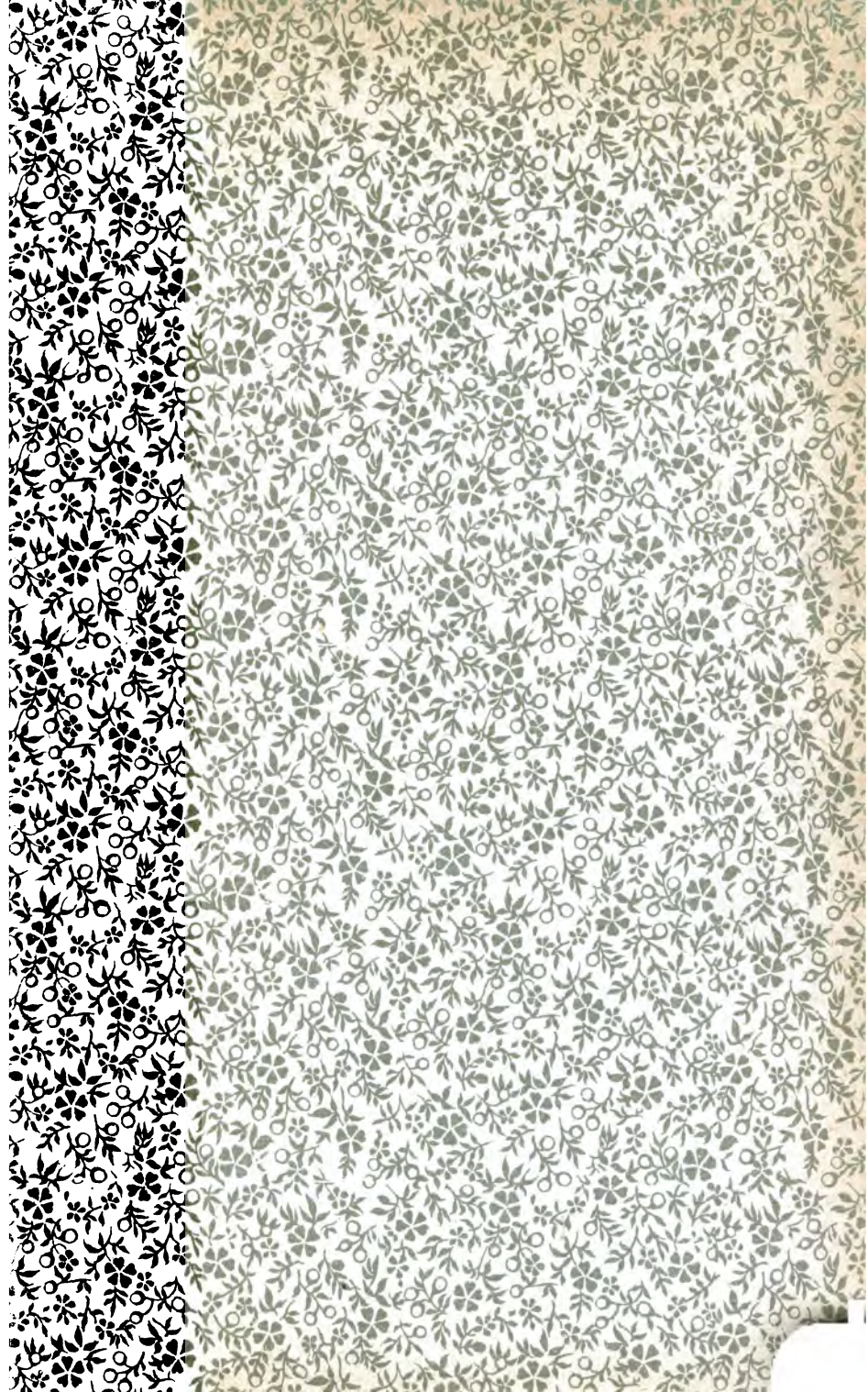
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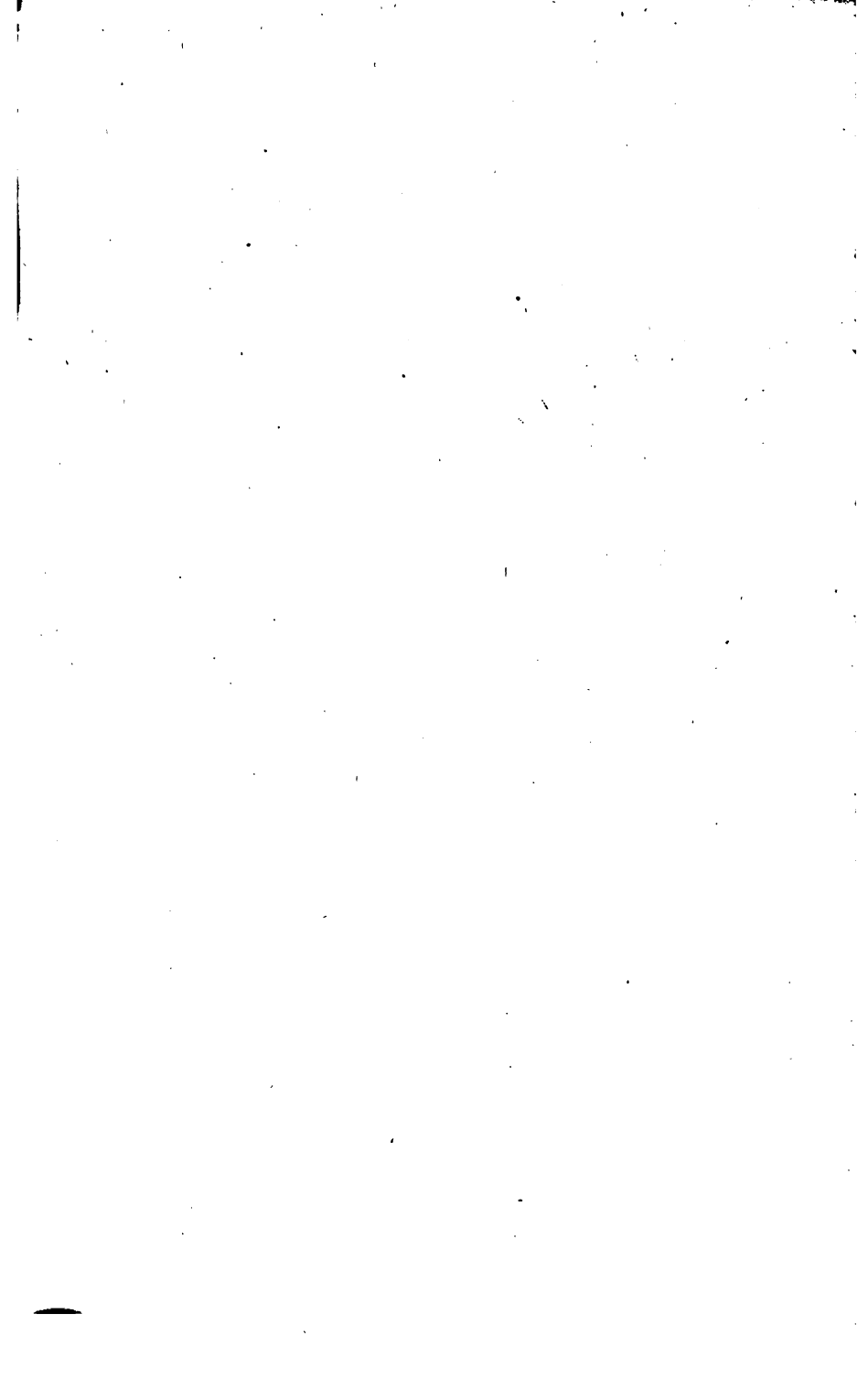
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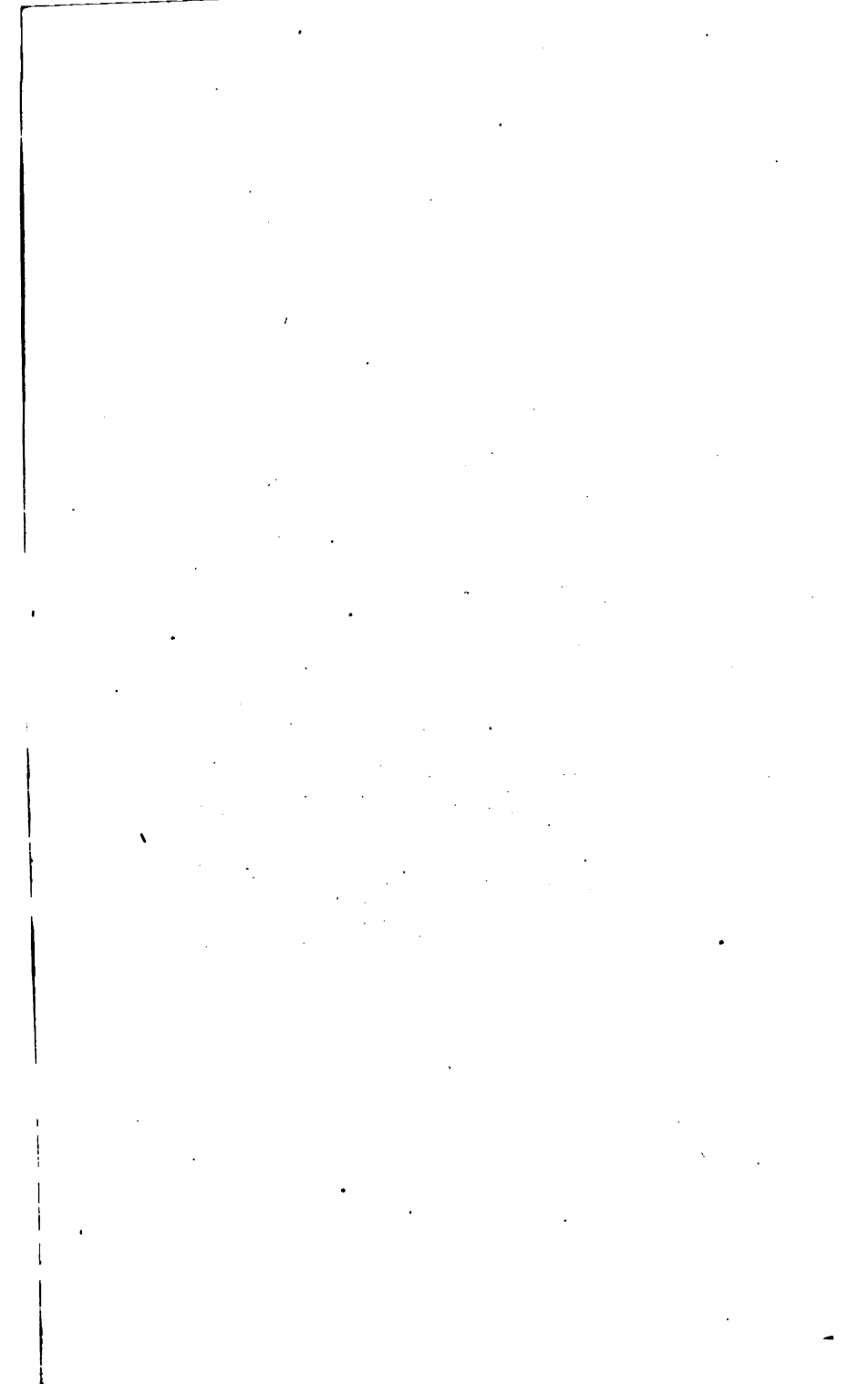




828
1866

Mr. J. W. Murphy
With the compliments of
the Author,
Joseph T. Derry.







JOSEPH TYRONE DERRY.

THE STRIFE OF BROTHERS

A POEM

BY

JOSEPH TYRONE DERRY

ATLANTA, GA.

The Franklin Printing and Publishing Co.

Geo. W. Harrison, Manager.

1904.

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BY

JOSEPH T. DERRY.

DEDICATION.

*To lady fair who gave the promise sweet,
That did with true fulfilment later meet,
From once young soldier who with fondest pride
Received 'mid war's alarms, his lovely bride.
God's gift in youthful bloom and ripening age,
In his life's story she adorns each page.
The music of her voice through all these years
Hath brought him joy and banished gloomy fears;
Her eyes love-lighted have made bright his way,
Oft turning adverse night to gladsome day;
Her heart hath ever loyal proved and true
Giving him faith to dare and strength to do.*



PREFACE.

In this poem I have endeavored to celebrate "the pure motive, the patriotic spirit and the lofty principles of the Confederate armies and Southern people." * My hero is the Confederate soldier of every rank; my heroine, the Southern woman. Yet I have tried to do justice to the patriotism and valor of the

ERRATA.

In Book II, line 194, page 30, for "armies" read "arms."

In Book III, line 39, page 53, for "Jackson" read "Jackson's."

In Book III, line 64, page 53, for "Kentucky" read "Kentucky's."

In Book IV, in the second foot-note on page 90, in the statement of the force under Imboden at the "Wagoners' fight" instead of "twenty-one thousand" read "twenty-one hundred."

In Book IV, line 135, for "share" read "shared."

In Book VI, line 28, page 131, for "twice" read "thrice."

for me a sweet maid; for on the ninth day of August, 1862, with the hearty approval of the parents of each

* Quoted from my highly esteemed and much loved friend, the gallant Confederate soldier and Christian minister, Clement A. Evans, who at Appomattox, after the close of hostilities on other parts of the line, and while Gordon and Sheridan were quietly conversing, being on the extreme Confederate left and ignorant of what had occurred elsewhere, led a charge which shed a parting glory on the Army of Northern Virginia.

PREFACE.

In this poem I have endeavored to celebrate "the pure motive, the patriotic spirit and the lofty principles of the Confederate armies and Southern people." * My hero is the Confederate soldier of every rank; my heroine, the Southern woman. Yet I have tried to do justice to the patriotism and valor of the "boys in blue," and have no harsh words for any except the tyrants of the "reconstruction era," and for even these I plead forgiveness.

Born in Milledgeville, Ga., December 13, 1841, I grew up loving the Union and desiring its preservation, and this was the sentiment of the vast majority of all the people of the South. But in common with this vast majority I believed that my first allegiance was due to my State, and was convinced by the occurrences of the first months of 1861 that the very existence of Southern liberty and civilization demanded separation. Hence I freely enlisted in Confederate service, and for four years endeavored to do my duty faithfully as a soldier of the Confederate States.

Over the memories of that stormy period love sheds for me a sweet halo; for on the fifth day of August, 1862, with the hearty approval of the parents of each

* Quoted from my highly esteemed and much loved friend, the gallant Confederate soldier and Christian minister, Clement A. Evans, who at Appomattox, after the close of hostilities on other parts of the line, and while Gordon and Sheridan were quietly conversing, being on the extreme Confederate left and ignorant of what had occurred elsewhere, led a charge which shed a parting glory on the Army of Northern Virginia.

of the contracting parties, notwithstanding our youth, I was married to Miss Elizabeth Osborne, of Augusta, Ga., which city at that time was the home of us both. The marriage occurred at eleven o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock that afternoon I was speeding to rejoin my command, then serving in East Tennessee. A little bit of our story I have woven into my poem.

Hoping that this effort of mine may please at least the noble men and women now rapidly moving toward the portals of the life to come, I submit this story in verse to the favor of the American people.

JOSEPH TYRONE DERRY.

NOTE.—For short sketches of Confederate Generals mentioned in this poem see the Appendix to "Derry's Story of the Confederate States," published by B. F. Johnson Publishing Co., of Richmond, Va.

THE STRIFE OF BROTHERS.

BOOK I.

The Gathering of the Hosts.

When from the chaos of tremendous strife
There burst, with promise of a glorious life,
O'er clearing skies the joy-inspiring light
Of Freedom's constellation fair and bright,
Bringing glad hope to nations near and far, 5
'Twas love, not force, that ruled each shining star,
Which in its orbit rolling onward moved.
But force centrifugal too mighty proved,
When dire Distrust and Hate usurped the throne
Where Love in better days had reigned alone; 10
And, when on States coercion first was tried,
The Union of the fathers groaned and died.
And naught but Love can bid her rise again
With that same holy light on hill and plain
Which shone in those blest, happy days of old, 15
Of which our bards in accents sweet have told.
Tell me, O Muse, in what disastrous hour
Was Love, so mighty once, stripped of his power?
'Twas when one section of fair Freedom's land
Had seized the reins with strong uplifted hand, 20
With firm resolve to rule by law of might,
Regardless of what others deemed their right.
Then compromise was rudely set aside,
Nor by the law of peace would men abide.
Impelled by threat'ning evils yet to come 25
Sev'n States withdrew and sought another home,*
In a new union, modeled after that

* Seven States seceded in the following order: South Carolina, December 3, 1860; Mississippi, January 9, 1861; Florida, January 10, 1861; Alabama, January 11, 1861; Georgia, January 19, 1861; Louisiana, January 26, 1861; Texas, February 1, 1861.

Which once in Southern hearts as lov'd queen sat;
 And a new flag, so very like the old
 Whose glories our proud tongues had often told, 30
 Was raised aloft, with seven shining stars
 In field of blue, with alternating bars
 Which heralded with hues of red and white
 That purity and valor still unite.
 Was't causeless fear that prompted what they did? 35
 An answer true can from no man be hid,
 Who in his mem'ry still retains the wrong,
 Untold till then in story or in song.
 Of reconstruction, whose foul, hateful blot
 Hath on its authors left a dismal spot 40
 Of treason black to their own blood and kin:
 Rarely hath hist'ry shown a darker sin.
 Yet pardon e'en for this great wrong we bid,
 On this sole plea: "they knew not what they did."
 The States seceding wished to go in peace, 45
 Hoping from constant strife to find release.
 But 'twas resolved to force their sovereign will
 And fast within the Union hold them still.
 A hostile fleet its sails for Charleston set
 And guns of Beauregard the challenge met. 50
 Then 'gainst coercion four more States arose *
 And for State rights with ardor promptly chose.
 Then from Potomac to the Rio Grand',
 From ev'ry quarter of the Southern land
 Gathered the heroes of as valiant hosts 55
 As hoary Time in all his annals boasts.
 "Thus ever unto tyrants!" was the cry
 That bade Virginia's gallant banners fly:
 Her "golden horseshoe knights" in proud array
 And footmen brave were ready for the fray. 60
 The old North State called forth her sturdy sons
 Asking a place near flashing of the guns,
 Preferring ev'rywhere "to be than seem"
 And by their valor winning great esteem.
 High lifts her crest the Old Palmetto State 65
 With heart to bravely dare the shafts of fate,
 Whose sons "with spirits and resources stand
 Prepared" to fight for home and native land.

* These four States seceded in the following order: Vir-
 ginia, April 17, 1861; Arkansas, May 6, 1861; North Carolina,
 May 20, 1861; Tennessee, June 8, 1861.

For constitution on strong pillars laid,
Of "wisdom, justice, moderation" made, 70
Great Georgia draws her sword without a stain,
While heroes throng from mountain and from plain.
Brave Alabama, land so fair and blest,
Where weary exiles once said, "here we rest,"
Summoned to arms her bravest of the brave, 75
Ready to die their mother State to save.
And Mississippi's eagle proud and fierce,
With cries that through her utmost limits pierce,
Aroused the scions of a warlike race,
Dauntless each peril in her cause to face. 80
Fair Louisiana, on whose shield are found
Union with confidence and justice bound,
Stepped forth so grandly to the very front,
With heart to bear the fiercest battle's brunt.
The Lone Star State throughout her broad
domain 85
Summoned her gallant knights to war again,
Once more to battle for their noble land,
As when they drove in flight the Mexic band.
"The peoples rule" in all the States, proclaim
The men of Arkansas in Freedom's name. 90
This to make good they form in strong phalanx,
With breasts of steel and firmly welded ranks.
And quickly gather now from Tennessee
Her hardy volunteers so bold and free,
"Commerce and Agriculture" lay aside 95
And ready stand to breast the battle-tide.
From balmy Florida came heroes true
In spirits gallant, though in numbers few,
Whose coat of arms proclaimed "in God we trust";
Fit words for those who thought their cause was
just. 100
O'er all these gathered hosts there waved the bars,
With field of blue, where shone eleven stars.*
And from the stronger section myriads came
To fight for Union, while they loud proclaim

* A part of the people in two other States, Kentucky and Missouri, tried to unite their commonwealths with the Confederate States. Each of these two States was represented in the Army and in the Congress of each of the republics into which the Union was for four years divided.

“One formed from many,” which the South de-
clared 105
To be the faith, for which her heroes dared.
What pity 'tis that men to force appeal
And 'gainst the law of love their bosoms steel!
When this blest law shall govern States and men
Then Christ, on earth to reign, will come again. 110
“When two in solemn compact have combined,
If one, in after days, should claim to find
Impossible, on conscientious ground,
To keep the rule by which they both are bound,
The other should be left to go in peace 115
And from the compact each should have release.”
Thus said the South and claimed that she was right
And, though preferring peace, prepared for fight.
“Secession Anarchy” the North declared
And for the war o'erwhelming hosts prepared. 120
Yet law in each seceding State prevailed
And for the claims of justice courts availed;
The wheels of government moved as of yore,
And order reigned as it had done before.
For each republic valiant heroes stood, 125
Ready to do whatever brave men could;
Our army wore the grey, its foe the blue,
And each could boast its loyal hearts and true.
But when one fights for home and native land,
This trebly steels his heart and nerves his hand, 130
Giving him power to hold great odds at bay
And 'gainst most desp'rate efforts win the day.
While he who fights for country, but is sure
That his own home is from war's ills secure,
Lacks half the motive that inspires his foe, 135
Causing the fires of patriot zeal to glow.
Each Southron's heart with strong emotions
burned,
As to his loved ones his fond thoughts he turned,
Oft wond'ring if, while he was far away,
They could with safety in the old home stay. 140
How oft before him came the parting scene,
When those whose hearts so true had always been
Around him came to speak the sad good-bye,
While tear-drops glistened in each loving eye.
In many homes, before farewell was said, 145
Some lesson breathing faith in God was read

From that blest Book, so precious to each heart,
When hour has come for loving ones to part.
And, as the father plead in earnest prayer,
That God would bless each dear one kneeling
there 150
And safely bring again their soldier boy,
Without whose presence there was little joy,
Each throbbing heart responded with amen!
And mother, brothers, sisters once again
Gave the fond kiss, as though it were the last. 155
Then, as the soldier o'er the threshold passed,
The father, in whose eye there stood a tear,
With quiv'ring lip spoke firmly words of cheer,
Bidding his son be ever true and brave
And act a hero's part his land to save. 160
One youth there was whose mem'ry lingers yet
Around another home. He'll ne'er forget
That place so dear to him, made fair and bright,
Yea! sacred even, by the holy light
Of the soft eyes, that answered his in love 165
So pure and true, so like to that above.
E'en while in childhood's happy hours they played
Love's golden chain of strongest links was made,
Destined to bind them ever heart to heart
With tie, that death alone can ever part. 170
How sad the hour that takes him from her side
With portents dire of ills that may betide.
Facing the maiden and her mother there,
Both of them lovely in their beauty rare,
Clasping a hand of each he spoke the name 175
That always thrilled his heart and, "May I claim
My sweet reward, when safely I return?"
He softly said. Ah! what emotions burn
In his glad heart, when maiden's promise sweet
With mother's prompt and free consent doth
meet. 180
Good-bye was spoken; then he went away,
Though sad at leaving, looking for the day
When peace should smile and he return again
To claim his promised bride. How happy then
Would be their lot, when they with joy should
come 185
With loving hearts into their own sweet home.
Ah! Who that felt them ever can forget

Emotions ling'ring in our mem'ry yet?
 When patriot fathers, brothers, husbands, sons
 And lovers spoke to their beloved ones 190
 The parting words, with sorrow in each heart,
 Howe'er prepared to act the hero's part.
 The rich, the poor, the lofty and the low,
 With spirits ready anywhere to go,
 And ev'rything to dare their land to save 195
 From fate they deemed far darker than the grave,
 The youth, the man matured, the hoary head,
 Heroic men by noble heroes led,
 Sped to defend the Old Dominion State,
 Who for her sisters dared the worst that hate 200
 Could do to her, who bravely bared her breast
 To the wild storm-wave's fiercely tow'ring crest.
 From ev'ry city, town and rustic home
 With patriot zeal the thronging heroes come;
 And, as they move to board the waiting train, 205
 The crowds raise cheers that ring and ring again,
 While rattling drums and stirring bugle-blast
 Mingle with cannon's roar, whose echoes last,
 Reverberating long through plain or hills,
 Awaking ardor that each bosom thrills. 210
 Then, while the train was passing out of sight,
 Fond farewells waved the signal flags of white
 In the fair hands of those, whose smiles and tears
 Bespoke their love and pride, their mingled fears
 Lest this should be the last, the last time e'er 215
 The forms now vanishing their eyes should cheer.
 What could 'mid dreary years of cruel strife
 And those still darker, with oppression rife,
 Like thought of mother, sister, sweetheart, wife
 Or daughter give to fainting hearts new life? 220
 Dear women of the South! As noble they
 As any since creation's earliest day!
 Their lofty courage joined with tender love
 Enabled them all ills to rise above;
 To write brave words of hope to those away. 225
 And bid them forward look to brighter day,
 Hiding the anxious care and sorrow deep
 Which through long dreary nights oft banished
 sleep;
 Without complaint enduring hardships sore,
 Faithful and true and loving evermore. 230

And, when the dire, disastrous end had come,
They welcomed back the sad survivors home,
With words of hope aroused the downcast soul,
While with love's smile they made the heartsick
whole,

Imparting faith the conflict to begin, 235
Which o'er disasters triumphs grand should win.
With scanty means each noble work they led
Gathered from many battlefields the dead,
With headstones marked their final resting-place
And reared proud monuments our land to grace. 240
Ah! how can we find words their praise to sing?
To them the tribute of our hearts we bring
And with love's chaplet proudly crown them
queens.

For our dear homes with all their charming scenes,
Where dwelt such noble souls, who would not
fight 245

And feel, that in so doing he was right?
Our Southern soldiers most sincerely thought
The triumph of the cause for which they fought
Alone could save the South from dreadful fate.
Which, if they failed, would either soon or late 250
Bring dire disaster on each Southern State.

This dread accounts for many steps they took
And for their firm resolve not once to brook
E'en the least meddling of the Fed'ral laws
In matters, which for their own safety's cause, 255
Should be, they claimed, entirely left alone,
With interference on the part of none.

Upon Virginia first the tempest broke:
But, well prepared to parry ev'ry stroke,
Her valiant sons at each strategic point, 260
With ardent wish to strengthen ev'ry joint
In their proud mother's armor, bravely stood
To guard each pass through mountain, plain or
wood,

Posted with care by chieftain wise and grand
As ever nobly stood for native land 265
Or drew a sword in battle for the free,
Virginia's peerless son, our Robert Lee.
Nor, keeping vigil, had they long to wait
Until the flower of ev'ry Southern State
Under their chosen chiefs had gathered there 270

With hearts aflame some gallant deed to dare.
 The first success was at Big Bethel won
 By D. H. Hill, the Old North State's brave son
 And the first Southron who in battle died,
 Was Henry Wyatt, Edgecombe County's pride. 275
 Rich Mountain, Laurel Hill and Carrick's Ford,
 Defeats which to o'erwhelming odds were owed,
 Were compensated yet by many a deed
 Of men who proved, that in the time of need
 Their country could upon her sons rely 280
 To 'fend her cause or for her sake to die.
 Of the long line of Southern leaders great
 Who in the battle's forefront met their fate,
 Thrilling by stirring deeds each valiant man,
 Brave Robert Selden Garnett led the van. 285
 And with their leader others gave their all,
 Yielding, like him, their lives at duty's call,
 Without his hope of long enduring fame,
 Yet sure that loving hearts would hold each name
 In fond remembrance and their story tell 290
 In records of the household treasured well.
 Long did the Georgia and Virginia boys
 Repeat the story that had e'en its joys,
 When in the circle of lov'd friends once more
 Soldiers were wont to fight their battles o'er, 295
 And tell of marches fraught with hardship sore.
 Those Georgians who, cut off from ev'ry friend,
 'Mid perils that appeared to have no end,
 Resolving not to yield, took their rough way
 Over the rugged mountains night and day, 300
 Ne'er tired of telling how a path they made
 Through the dense laurels, dark with gloomy
 shade,
 Nor how, when famine stared them in the face,
 A friendly mountaineer their path did trace,
 Supplied their needs and led them a safe way 305
 To join their comrades, camped at Monterey:
 And, wheresoe'er they gave this tale to fame,
 With gratitude they mentioned Parson's name.
 And "Little" Petersburg was ne'er forgot
 By those to whom fate gave the kinder lot 310
 To march that way and its good cheer to share,
 Provided by kind ladies gathered there.
 And now along Virginia's eastern side

Invasion's onward fiercely surging tide
O'er the Potomac bore the proud array 315
Of a great army, marching to the fray
Proclaiming motive high and purpose grand,
The union to restore and save the land.
Restore by force a union of consent,
Such as the fathers built and surely meant 320
That ours should through the ages ever be,
A Union grand of sovereign States and free?
A new one they might build on law of might,
Where, utterly regardless of the right,
Majorities could rule in their own way, 325
As in the hated reconstruction day.
Thousands of patriots marched in that great host,
Who above all things prized the Union most,
Ready, if they could keep the nation one,
To bear all else, whatever should be done. 330
In numbers strong and boastful in their might,
They doubted not that they would put to flight
The foe, whom they in scorn as rebels styled,
And e'en as traitors bitterly reviled.
Ah! could Americans so soon forget 335
What should be fresh in ev'ry mind, e'en yet?
How such harsh names in years long gone before
Our fathers scorned; in those brave days of yore,
When they defied Old England's mighty power
And bravely fought, until the glorious hour, 340
When freedom dawned for us and all the world,
And tyrants from our shores in flight were hurled.
Forgot were all those lessons of the past
Which with Americans should ever last.
In gorgeous uniforms, a splendid sight, 345
With bayonets glancing in the morning light,
And silken banners floating to the breeze,
Marched the brave host whose leader proudly sees
In their firm ranks advancing buoyantly
The hope assured of certain victory. 350
Behind the army moved a pleasure train
Whose ev'ry thought was frivolous and vain,
Planning a merry fête upon the field,
When vanquished rebels in defeat should yield
And on to Richmond, by McDowell led, 355
The victors march o'er wounded and o'er dead.
But heroes brave from each seceding State

Stood to contest the field, upon whose fate,
 All felt, the hopes of their dear Southland hung.
 Ah! ne'er historian's pen or poet's tongue 360
 Hath told the deeds of nobler patriot band,
 Than those who fought that day for native land
 And made Manassas famed in ev'ry clime.
 In each true Southern heart throughout all time
 The story of their gallant fight shall live 365
 And hope inspiring to each hero give
 Who stands, when haughty foe with threat'ning
 comes,

Between war's desolation and lov'd homes.
 It was upon a glorious summer day,
 When o'er Bull Run McDowell led the way, 370
 Hurling o'erwhelming odds of men and guns
 Against our left, where Louisiana's sons
 With South Carolina's under Evans* stood
 To stem the tide, as best those brave men could.
 Here, as the battle pressed upon them sore 375
 And ever at each failure thousands more
 Of valiant foemen 'gainst their stout line surged
 Two strong brigades, by Bee and Bartow urged
 With dauntless spirits brought the needed aid.
 For full two hours a firm defense was made 380
 By Evans' men and Bartow's Georgians brave
 And Bee's true-hearted boys, who fought to save
 Th' endangered left, conferring honor great
 On Alabama and the Old North State
 And Mississippi, whence they gladly came 385
 To brave each peril in fair Freedom's name.
 At length the whelming pressure was too strong
 And now, as if by billows borne along,
 They came in rout upon the broad plateau
 Of Robinson and Henry homes, where, lo! 390
 Like lions bold there stoutly stood at bay,
 With hearts resolved on winning back the day,
 The Old Dominion's sons by Jackson led,
 To whom the gallant Bee dejected said:
 "They force us back!" But Jackson's prompt
 reply 395

Kindled again with hope that warrior's eye:
 "Give them the bayonet!" And at this word

* Brigadier-General Nathan G. Evans of South Carolina.

With shout that was above the tumult heard
The noble Carolinian to his men
Rode back exhorting: "Rally once again! 400
See Jackson like a stone wall firmly stand!
Here, my brave boys, for our dear native land,
Let us resolve to die, and we shall win!"
Just ere the foe was ready to begin
A new assault, the gallant Beauregard 405
And brave Joe Johnston, onward spurring hard,
Came from the right where they had planned
attack

Upon McDowell's left. But summoned back
By distant sound of strife, they reached the field
And, anxious lest their men in rout should yield 410
Before the oncoming tide of thronging foes,
Gave orders promptly unto each of those
Who carried colors, quick their flags to bear
Full forty paces onward and stand there.
Themselves with flag of Alabama's Fourth 415
Borne by their side rode to the front, when forth,
Like vet'rans tried, into the battle line
Sprang the brave Southrons to the waving sign
Which marked the place where they should take
their stand

And wage the fight once more for native land. 420
The troops already named, Imboden's guns
With Stannard's too, and vet'ran Pendleton's,
Alburtis' also joined with Walton's five,
Before whose fire a charge would hardly thrive,
Stuart and Hampton, vowing not to yield, 425
Stood to contest anew the hard-fought field.
On came our foes exultant in their might
And bravely led by vet'rans skilled in fight.
The Southern left, now under Beauregard,
Stood firm, although the foemen pressed them
hard; 430

While Johnston hurried over to the right
To hasten reinforcements for the fight.
Standing awhile at bay and sorely pressed,
To try a change which might bring needed rest,
Our leader thundered: "Charge upon the foe!" 435
The line advanced and swept the whole plateau.
Soon strongly reinforced they came again
Retaking their lost guns. But now the men

Of Fisher's North Carolina, fresh and strong,
 With Wither's brave Virginians haste along, 440
 And the whole Southern line in headlong rush
 Adown the slope the vanquished foemen brush,
 Clearing the well-fought field and seizing guns
 Of Ricketts and of Griffin, well-earned prize.
 But gallant Bartow fell, and near him lies 445
 Th' impetuous Bee. As noble spirits they
 As e'er for country died on battle day.
 The story of their death, like bugle blast,
 With mighty impulse destined long to last,
 Borne swiftly through the land on tongues of fire, 450
 Stirred in our gen'rous youth the strong desire
 To bravely conquer or, like them, to die.
 But, not yet ready from the field to fly,
 Another force upon th' opposing height
 In numbers strong and willing yet for fight, 455
 In crescent outline showing gallant front,
 With flanks advanced to bear new battle's brunt,
 By skirmishers preceded, start again
 To try one more assault. But lo! just then
 Upon the field a new force swiftly came. 460
 But whence they marched or even what their
 name,
 Confederate or Fed'ral, none could tell;
 For round the staff the drooping colors fell.
 Then Beauregard th' advancing column sees
 With anxious eye, until a sudden breeze 465
 Blew out the folds of the red Southern bars
 While, as in triumph, gleamed its shining stars.
 "Hurrah! The day is ours!" He gladly cried;
 With shouts and cheers his gallant boys replied,
 As Kirby Smith appeared with timely aid 470
 And Early's brave brigade more certain made
 The fortune of the day. With ringing cheer
 That smote the Fed'ral host with sudden fear
 The whole Confed'rate force in full advance
 Swept all before them, giving not a chance 475
 To halt and form, none keeping their array
 On that to Fed'ral arms disastrous day,
 Excepting only Sykes' and Sherman's men
 Who in good order crossed Bull Run again.
 Beyond that stream they all in panic fled, 480
 While on their track by gallant Stuart led

The horsemen charged and Lindsay Walker's
shells
Increased their terror, while the tumult swells,
As carriages and caissons blocked the way.
And where were now those congressmen so gay 485
And giddy citizens on pleasure bent?
To the wild rout their terror impulse lent.
None more swift-footed on that dreadful day
To Washington sped on in blank dismay.
Their boasts and sneers at rebels now were past; 490
The saying, "He laughs best who laughs the last,"
Was never better proved. Nor is that all—
A haughty spirit ne'er had harder fall.
Great was the joy throughout the Southern host,
Nor could they tell whom they should honor
most, 495
The gallant men, who long with odds had fought,
Or who at timely moment succor brought.
They freely hailed as Blucher of the day
Brave Kirby Smith and all his fine array
Of spirits bold, who in well ordered ranks, 500
Made that forced march and struck the foeman's
flanks.
Virginia great and noble Tennessee
In this grand march and battle for the free
Joined with fair Maryland who now again
Met with fond pride her sisters on the plain, 505
When her brave exiles led by Elzey bold
Fought with the dash of the proud days of old.
And how all cheered Jeff Davis on the field
Just as the foe in headlong flight did yield!
Th' influence of that great triumphant day 510
Was felt in ev'ry step of that dark way
Which our Confed'racy so bravely trod,
On ev'ry field that stained Virginia's sod
Or dyed the plains and hills of all our land
From broad Potomac to the Rio Grand'. 515
The Fed'ral government in milder tone
And mien less haughty than it once had shown,
Though still resolved to wage an earnest fight
The Union to maintain, now yielded right
Of brave belligerents, which we had won 520
By the strong deeds our gallant boys had done.
No longer now did they with scorn presume

Toward their foes such lofty airs t' assume,
 As had McClellan, when to Pegram's rank
 He would not give respect. For this we thank 525
 Not any change of heart, since far less bold,
 With many of their men in captive hold,
 Were those who had before so haughty been.
 To all war's glory many a mournful scene
 Gives darkest background desolate and drear. 530
 Surely no one, beholding sorrow's tear,
 When breaking hearts bemoan their loved ones
 gone,
 Can help but feel that fame can ne'er atone
 For all the grief that follows in war's train.
 Could Bee's or Bartow's glory still the pain 535
 Which throbb'd in hearts bereft in each sad home?
 And ne'er again to greet fond eyes will come
 The chief * who led fair Alabama's sons
 Or he || who fell before the hostile guns
 At head of North Carolinians strong and bold. 540
 And ne'er in fitting language can be told
 The sorrows of the thousands South and North,
 Who mourned the gallant boys that had gone forth
 From out their presence never to return.
 The Southern States willed not this cruel war. 545
 Peace with their brethren they preferred by far.
 The government they never wished to harm,
 Or cause their sister States the least alarm;
 And seeking a new Union did no more
 Than did our fathers in the days of yore. 550
 They just as sadly severed once loved bond
 As did our sires, who with affection fond
 Had looked upon Old England's meteor flag
 And in the fiercest battles did not lag
 Where that proud banner pointed them the way, 555
 Until that ever dark and mournful day,
 When their just rights were scornfully denied.
 Then England's power they valiantly defied.
 Destroy the government? Such motive they
 To us have oft assigned since that sad day, 560
 When South and North contending stood apart
 In strife, the cause of grief to ev'ry heart.

* Colonel Jones of the Fourth Alabama.

|| Colonel C. F. Fisher of the Sixth North Carolina.

That charge, so oft repeated, here we scorn
As of base calumny and falsehood born.
To save the rights of sovereign States we sought 565
And for our homes and liberties we fought.
To do to others as we'd have them do
Is law of love and perfect justice too.
There is not in our Union strong and great
Of our proud commonwealths a single State, 570
That ever would have ratified the bond,
Had it been known that sentiments most fond
And safety of its people would in dust
Through laws conceived in malice most unjust
Some day be trampled, as in that dark hour, 575
When so-called statesmen with short lease of
power
Robbed Southern States of ev'ry sovereign right
And by no other law than that of might
Into our temple holy brought a race,
That under no condition e'er could grace 580
Those honors which to citizens belong,
And which our founders meant for th' ages long
Should unto white men only appertain.
Ah! not for lust of power or party's gain
Should such a sacred trust have e'er been shared 585
With those who for its use were not prepared.
God speed the day that rights each burning wrong,
Truly unites our States and make us strong!
When all do justice and each cause remove
Which in our Union hinders perfect love. 590



BOOK II.

The Battle-Tide's Alternate Ebb and Flow.

When from Manassas backward rolled war's tide,
'Twas staid along Virginia's eastern side
And there long space * remained; so strong the
 blow,
That quelled the might and spirit of our foe.
The banners, that on Southern outposts waved, 5
Looked into Washington and proudly braved
McClellan's gath'ring hosts, who lingered there
To organize and thoroughly prepare
For new invasion of such mighty power,
That, when it moved, they fondly thought the
 hour 10
Of doom would strike for our Confed'rate States,
A prey to them and war's relentless fates.
Save here and there some gallant outpost fights,
Naught broke the quiet of the morns and nights
Along Potomac's banks, until the day 15
When heroes met in fierce-contested fray
And gave the North another mournful name,
As Leesburg and Ball's Bluff increased the fame
Of Nathan Evans † and the gallant men
Who followed him to victory again. 20
Though Dranesville gave to Stuart ‡ a defeat,
Yet, when he came again his foe to meet,
He found abandoned field and wounded men.
'Twas sad to fall in battle; cruel, when
Some lonely picket, as he walked his beat, 25
Did in night's solitude death's summons meet;

* There was not another serious attempt at invasion in Virginia for about eight months.

† General Nathan G. Evans, who had won great reputation at the First Manassas, commanded the Confederate force at Leesburg.

‡ General J. E. B. Stuart was repulsed at Dranesville, but on returning next morning to renew the fight, found that the enemy had gone, leaving many wounded.

Sad news for loved ones, whether from the North
 Or South the unknown hero had gone forth,
 Hardship to suffer and to bravely fight
 For what with honest soul he deemed the right. 30

Beyond the Alleghanies armies moved
 In march and countermarch and daily proved
 How gallant volunteers could bravely stand
 'Mid toils and perils in that rugged land,
 Where West Virginia's charming little dales 35
 And tow'ring mountains circling those fair vales
 Witnessed the sacrifice by heroes made,
 As life they freely gave the cause to aid.
 Brave comrades! How their names in mem'ry
 dwell!

Choice spirits who did ev'ry duty well: 40
 McPherson Felder,[†] who in combat died,
 And graced with patriot blood Cheat Mountain's
 side;

And Private Brown,[‡] who early in the day,
 At Greenbrier's battle, entered the dark way,
 That heroes often tread and won a fame 45
 As well deserved as that which crowned the name
 Of Edward Johnson,* or of him who led
 Our little band that day, when brave men bled,
 Henry R. Jackson,^{||} Georgia's gallant son,
 Who there 'gainst heavy odds the vict'ry won. 50
 Yet unto them not greater praise is due
 Than to those other gallant spirits true,
 Who smitten by disease obeyed death's call
 In lonely tent or crowded hospital.

A hero's grave did Dillard Adams ** fill 55
 Who slept the patriot's sleep at Laurel Hill.

[†] A private soldier of the First Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, a noble young man, who was killed in a skirmish on Cheat mountain.

[‡] D. W. Brown, Company F (Gate City Guards), of the same regiment mentioned in General Henry Jackson's report for heroic conduct.

* Colonel Edward Johnson, a Virginian, commander of the Twelfth Georgia Regiment, who commanded the picket forces at the battle of Greenbrier River, and who rose to the rank of major-general.

^{||} Brigadier-General Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, Ga.

** A private soldier of Company D (Oglethorpe Infantry of Augusta), First Regiment of Georgia Volunteers.

So our two comrades, who went home to die,
And in Augusta's cemetery lie,
Sam Holmes and Willie Miller,^{||} true and brave,
As surely died their native land to save, 60
And served the cause of country just as well,
As knights who in the battle's forefront fell.
How many more of our dear friends we lost
In those four years of war, whose fearful cost
None ever knew as those who sat forlorn 65
In homes bereft, of fondest treasures shorn.
Next to dear ones at home the soldier boys
Loved them, who shared their perils and their
joys,
And they who died the first left impress strong,
That would with friends abide their whole lives
long. 70
How varied were the scenes through which we
passed!
Those memories with us will ever last:
The lonely picket post, the march, the fight,
The scouting expedition in the night,*
Whose darkness could be felt, as poured the rain 75
Through which we groped, and longed for day
again,
Whose dawning found us perilously near
The hostile camp, whence we could plainly hear
The sentry's cry: "All's well!" while sound of
drum
Could not entirely drown the noise and hum 80
Of soldiers in the early morn astir.
At such an hour did some one think of her
Who gave at time of parting promise sweet,
Which with her mother's full consent did meet?
Be sure he did and wondered if he e'er 85
Would realize the hope to him so dear.
With danger near her bright smile cheered him
still,

^{||} These two young men, the first a sergeant, the other a private, were also members of Company D, First Georgia.

* This and the twenty-two following lines refer to a night expedition of one hundred men from the First and Twelfth Georgia Regiments, led by Lieutenant Dawson, of the Twelfth Georgia, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Alleghany Summit, December 13, 1861.

And her clear, flute-like tones his soul did thrill
 With some remembered song of long ago,
 As fancy heard her accents soft and low. 90
 And strength he gathered, while in waiting there,
 From recollection of the parting prayer,
 As he with father and with mother knelt
 In that far Southern home; and still he felt
 The kiss each gave to their beloved one, 95
 Their hope for coming years, their only son.
 How brightly after tramp by night and day
 Camp Bartow's * welcome fires lit up the way
 To guide the weary, lagging steps of those
 Who found sweet rest at Traveler's Repose. 100
 Now frequent rains, with snows and chilling blast,
 That did for dreary weeks continuous last,
 Thwarted each movement by the leaders planned
 And kept unwilling truce on ev'ry hand.
 Some combats there occurred with varying lot, 105
 Important fruits for either yielding not.
 The fearful hardships told with dread effect,
 As all of either army recollect.
 How many to the elements succumbed,
 In ev'ry fibre of their frames benumbed! 110
 Almost as heavy damage was sustained
 As if a battle had been lost or gained.
 The campaign closed one bleak December morn,
 When Milroy led his army just at dawn,
 Where Edward Johnson with a little band— 115
 Brave Georgians and Virginians—took his stand
 On Alleghany Summit,[†] there to stay
 And by heroic fighting win the day.
 Far to the east their comrades had been sent,
 Where "Stonewall" Jackson now his efforts bent 120
 On noble scheme to rid Virginia's land
 On north and west of ev'ry hostile band.
 Ah! had our leaders then but known the man

* Named in honor of General Francis Bartow, killed at the first battle of Manassas. This camp was between the Alleghany and Cheat mountains, near a West Virginia post-office in Pocahontas county, at the head of a beautiful little valley, in which occurred many outpost skirmishes and the battle of Greenbrier River.

[†] The battle at this point occurred December 13, 1861. There Edward Johnson had been left with a small force, when Loring's division was sent east.

And given ample means to work his plan!
Of eighteen sixty-two the op'ning day, 125
With morn as balmy as in time of May,
Beheld a force of near ten thousand men
Set out with Jackson to win back again
The valley of Potomac's southern branch.
His own "Stonewall Brigade," so true and stanch, 130
Led on by Richard Garnett, brave and strong,
With Loring's three, who'd suffered hardships
long,

And knightly Ashby's horsemen, frank and bold,
Whose deeds in thrilling words have oft been told,
And five good batteries of steady boys, 135
Who ne'er in fiercest combat lost their poise,
Moved in high spirits, ready all to go,
Wherever Jackson led against the foe.
Before the day had closed, a northwest blast
Brought cold that in its grip held all things fast. 140
The snow and sleet and ice their ardor chilled,
And, sure, their cup of misery was filled,
When wagons with supplies lagged far behind,
And foodless they upon the ground reclined
With scanty cov'ring 'gainst the bitter cold. 145
But dauntless "Stonewall," resolute and bold,
Shared all their hardships, ever urging on
His weary men, whose strength was well-nigh
gone,

Yet who with him as leader drive the foe
O'er stream where broad Potomac's waters flow. 150
Though thus his district Jackson quickly cleared.
Men high in rank at Richmond interfered,
And fruits obtained at such an awful cost
Of toil and dreadful suffering were lost.
Our weary tramps o'er frozen roads and streams 155
Made real what in our youth seemed fancy's
dreams,

When we were told of snows incarnadined
By bleeding feet, as men of dauntless mind
Followed great Washington long years before
And, like true Spartans, fearful hardships bore. 160
To be as they our souls had oft aspired,
As stories of their deeds our young hearts fired;
Nor now 'mid trials did we quite forget
Heroic thoughts that lingered with us yet.

When to the blues we felt like giving way, 165
 The song and lively jest became our stay,
 And loud the most despondent laughed again,
 As jolly comrade, in a merry vein,
 Quoted in tragic tone with humor blent,
 "Now is the winter of our discontent!" 170
 Or some light-hearted Reb would comfort bring,
 As he in lively strain began to sing:
 "Then let the wide world wag as it will,
 We'll be gay and happy still,"
 With "gay and happy" then the cold blasts rang, 175
 And troubles fled, as on we tramped and sang.
 As closed the days of eighteen sixty-one,
 The South rejoiced o'er brilliant exploits done.
 Within Virginia's bounds the Southern star
 Resplendent shone, while in the West afar 180
 Sons of Missouri, Texas, Arkansas
 And Louisiana in successful war
 Had cheered our hearts and made renowned the
 names
 Of Price, McCulloch, Parsons, Clark and Rains,
 McBride and McIntosh and gallant Slack, 185
 Who had their foes on that dread field forced back,
 Where Lyon,* fearless Union chief, was slain,
 Striving by headlong charge the day to gain.
 Next Wilson's Creek was matched at Lexington,
 Where on the flag of Price rose vict'ry's sun; 190
 And, when our boys did Grant at Belmont meet,
 Success they plucked from jaws of dire defeat.†
 Our soldiers and our people fondly dreamed
 Our arms invincible.‡ To us it seemed
 That, wheresoe'er we fought, we'd surely win, 195
 Whene'er our foes the conflict might begin.
 The leaders plainly see the gath'ring storm,

* Brigadier-General Nathan Lyon fell leading the charge of the Union army at Wilson's Creek.

† In the battle of Belmont, General Ulysses S. Grant, with equal numbers attacked the Confederates under Generals Pillow and Cheatham, defeated them and captured their camp. Reinforcements sent by General Leonidas Polk turned the tide and Grant was driven to his transports, on which he succeeded in escaping.

‡ Manassas and Wilson's Creek, the two most important battles of the year, and most of the minor combats had been won by the South.

As threat'ning clouds along the borders form.
Their warning voices, though, were heeded not,
And needful preparations were forgot, 200-
Till from the low'ring skies the tempest burst
And of disasters thick the very worst,
That should for many months befall our arms,
Spread o'er the land the direst of alarms.
When Grant's advance at Donelson appeared 205-
And now in marching line that fortress neared,
Perhaps a well-concerted, prompt attack
Had on Fort Henry † hurled his columns back.
But naught was done, and after fearful night
Of rain and snow and sleet came welcome light, 210-
Although the morn would usher in the fight.
The Fed'ral troops assaulting meet defeat,
And o'er stout efforts of Foote's Union fleet
A triumph grand the brave Confed'rates gain.
But, ere the shades of evening fell, 'twas plain 215-
That naught could save the army but retreat.
Conditions most adverse they now must meet.
Enclosed on ev'ry side by Union host
In numbers far the stronger, at the most
All that our Southern chiefs could hope to do 220-
Would be to rout Grant's right and thus break
through.
Heroic was the plan by leaders formed!
With his division dauntless Pillow stormed
Successfully the Fed'ral right at dawn,
While Buckner also in the early morn 225-
Assailed the Union center with such might
That it was broken by his gallant fight.
With Oglesby and Wallace * pushed aside
And Logan driven by fierce battle-tide,
The Southrons now had won the open way, 230-
And, promptly moving, could retreat essay
With strong assurance of complete success.
But Pillow, with intent the foe to press,
Ignored the plan, and at a fearful cost!
For this delay the golden moments lost, 235-
And Grant around them drew his cordon tight.

† Fort Henry, defended by a small Confederate force, was captured on February 6th by the army under Grant and Commodore Foote's fleet of iron-clad gunboats.

* W. H. L. Wallace, one of Grant's best officers.

Alas! 'twas useless to prolong the fight.
 Open to Nashville was the river still.
 So Floyd bade his brigade the boats to fill
 And with them he and Pillow sailed away. 240
 Bold Forrest and his horsemen, long ere day,
 Flound'ring through icy water, reached dry land
 By way no footman, howe'er strong, could stand,
 And thus escaped, while Buckner and the rest,
 Ranking among brave soldiers with the best, 245
 Were captive made. It was a stunning blow
 From which our rally in the West was slow.*
 Although West Tennessee Grant now o'erran,
 Our Albert Sidney Johnston formed a plan,
 Which, if successful, would our cause restore 250
 And sweep the foemen from our land once more.
 To Beauregard a rapid march he made
 And with that chieftain's strong and ready aid
 Fell like a thunderbolt from cloudless sky
 Upon the foe, who did not dream him nigh. 255
 And now Polk, Hardee, Breckinridge † and Bragg,
 With soldiers who did not a moment lag,
 Pushed stubborn Sherman and McClernand back,
 And by their ever-swelling, bold attack,
 Swept through the fiercely-stinging "Hornet's
 Nest," 260
 Where Hurlbut, Wallace, Prentiss and the best
 Of those brave Western soldiers long held out,
 Until by whelming pressure turned about,
 As Wallace ‡ fell, they left the bloody field,
 Excepting Prentiss, who was forced to yield 265
 His brave division prisoners of war.
 Of Grant's whole force the greater part by far
 In total rout was driven from the field,
 And, those who stoutly fought, were forced to
 yield.
 Their camp with richest spoil of every kind, 270

* Fort Donelson with that part of the garrison that did not escape, nine thousand in all, surrendered on February 16, 1862.

† Major-General John C. Breckinridge, now of the Confederate army, had been, during the administration of Buchanan, the Vice-President of the United States.

‡ General W. H. L. Wallace was killed at a very critical moment of the battle.

With all that victors could desire to find,
Cannon and needful stores, they left behind.
But a few thousand of the very best
With leaders kept their ranks, while all the rest,
For miles in rout along the Tennessee 275
In dire confusion or wild terror flee,
Or crouch beneath the banks in frantic fear,
Dreading lest conqu'ring foes should soon draw
near.

But sorrow deep was brooding o'er our host;
For he in whom our army trusted most, 280
The power and guiding spirit of that day,
Great Albert Sidney Johnston * lifeless lay.
Of our great chief this most untimely fall
Brought saddest ruin to the hopes of all.
His plans successfully were working out, 285
When in his dying ear the victor's shout
Rose, thrilling all his host. But his grand form,
That rode majestic 'mid the battle-storm,
Was now laid low, and his inspiring voice
Would never more his heroes' hearts rejoice. 290
Short of the perfect work the charge was staid
And Beauregard † the final stroke delayed.
Believing that the task was almost done,
And that with morn the work so well begun
In triumph grand could be completed quite, 295
He gave surcease of battle for the night.
But Buell, ‡ whom he thought still far away,
With a fresh army came at close of day,
As did Lew Wallace, || ready for the fray.
Greatly outnumbered now and sorely pressed, 300
The rising battle-tide the Southrons breast
From early morn until the afternoon,
When feigning an attack, they very soon

* General Albert Sidney Johnston was mortally wounded during the grand victorious charge at Shiloh, on April 6th, dying in a few moments.

† General P. G. T. Beauregard, distinguished in the First Manassas and other great battles of the war.

‡ General Don Carlos Buell, whose timely arrival saved Grant's army from destruction.

|| General Lew Wallace, who has since the war won great distinction as an author, "Ben Hur" being his greatest work.

Felt pressure lifted, and a cov'ring force,
 Whose hearts invincible proved strong resource, 305
 With Breckinridge as leader was deployed.
 Surcease of battle then, awhile enjoyed,
 Gave undisturbed withdrawal from the field.
 The hostile force perceives not that they yield;
 So well does Breckinridge the movement shield. 310
 Delib'rately securing captured arms,
 As if about them raged not war's alarms,
 In order they retired with spoil of foe,
 Who, wearied out, were glad to have them go.
 Although they'd failed their purpose to fulfill, 315
 The Southern boys were full of courage still,
 And, though compelled by numbers to retreat,
 They would not own on second day defeat.
 A disappointed hope they would admit;
 But own it as defeat? No! not a bit. 320
 Kentucky won great honors on each day
 Of Shiloh's fierce and well-remembered fray.
 Great Albert Sidney Johnston was her son,
 And knightly Breckinridge proud honors won,
 Both in the charge and bringing up the rear, 325
 Collecting captured arms with foe so near,
 And with his gallant men to duty true
 He made it vain for Fed'rals to pursue.
 High also on Kentucky's roll of fame
 Doth proudly stand George W. Johnson's * name, 330
 Who chief in place among her exiled ones
 Fell fighting in the ranks of her brave sons.
 True men there were from ev'ry Southern State
 Who in this battle shared the gen'ral's fate,
 Among whom with the bravest of the brave 335
 Died Adley Gladden,† our loved cause to save.
 Fair Louisiana's valiant foster son,

* George W. Johnson was elected provisional governor of Kentucky by the Confederate council of that State. He went into the battle of Shiloh as aide to General Breckinridge. His horse was killed in the first day's fight, whereupon he enlisted as a private in Company E, First Kentucky Infantry, and, fighting in its ranks, was mortally wounded on the second day.

† Brigadier-General Adley H. Gladden was a native of South Carolina, and was Major of the "Palmetto Regiment" from that State, being promoted to Colonel after the battle of Churubusco in Mexico, in which he gallantly led the

Who once for native State high honors won,
When brave "Palmetto boys" obeyed his voice
And did with him as victors proud rejoice. 340
In spite of final failure and retreat
And disappointment which our men did meet,
The crushing blow on Shiloh's first day dealt
Was then by Grant's command so keenly felt,
That for some time they were less eager far 345
Again to try uncertain gage of war;
And many idle boasts of later years
Their hesitation then and uttered fears
Do without doubt most certainly belie,
And claims they've made which records all deny. 350
If they had dared immediate pursuit,
Their deeds would now their boastings better suit.
Their valiant men, who 'mid disasters dire,
When comrades panicked fled the hostile fire,
Stood firm and true, deserve fame's highest
meed; 355
But 'tis vain boasting to deny the need
They had for ev'ry man by Buell brought,
To win back e'en the camp for which they fought
And therewith were most certainly content.
If 'twas not so, pray, tell us now, what meant 360
On morning of the eighth Grant's urgent call,
If Buell's men he needed not at all? *

regiment, when both the colonel and lieutenant-colonel had been killed. He was a citizen of Louisiana when the war between the States began, and went to the field with her troops. He commanded a brigade at Shiloh and was killed in the first day's battle, April 6, 1862.

* Some Federal writers, Grant among the number, have claimed that Grant could have won on the second day of battle, even if Buell had not come. But all the records are against any such absurd claim.

On the morning of April 8th, while Buell was still with him, and Breckinridge with his division of Confederates was still but a short distance from the Union camp, Grant telegraphed to Halleck: "It would be demoralizing upon our troops here to be forced to retire upon the opposite bank of the river, and unsafe to remain on this many weeks without large reinforcements."

On April 14th, General Halleck, upon his arrival in camp to take command, said to Grant: "Your army is not now in condition to resist attack."

A cloud on Grant by Shiloh * had been cast,
Which did for many months continuous last;
And vacillation marked each Fed'ral move 365
In all the plans that Halleck did approve.

The Southern people to th' occasion rose,
Astounding by their valor friends and foes.
Then a new gath'ring of the hosts occurred;
Through hills and plains the battle-cry was heard, 370
And men whose term of service had expired,
Again, by zeal and love of country fired,
Went forth to bear anew the battle's brunt,
Hasting to join their comrades at the front.
E'en some upon sick leave, ere they were well, 375
Hurried away the army's ranks to swell.
Among these last one all unknown to fame,
Who promise had that he his bride might claim,
When to his home he should return in peace,
Now, hopeless that the conflict soon would cease, 380
From his fair lady's father gained consent,
That they should wed, ere back to war he went.
No fortune could he lay before her feet,
And doubt there was, if they again should meet,
When from her side he went that summer day, 385
Perhaps to die in some fierce battle's fray.
But heroes brave and true were maidens then
And dauntless amid perils as the men.
The two were wed 'mid loved ones' smiles and
tears,

And glad congratulations banished fears. 390

* The returns of Grant's army for April 4th and 5th show present for duty forty four thousand, eight hundred and ninety-five men. On the day of the battle (April 6), something over five thousand of these under General Lew Wallace were not up and did not reach the field until late in the evening. At the same time Buell came up with a fresh army of twenty thousand effectives. The loss of the Union army was one thousand, seven hundred and fifty-four killed, eight thousand, four hundred and eight wounded and two thousand, eight hundred and eighty-five captured—in all thirteen thousand and forty-seven.

By the official records the Confederate army numbered forty thousand, three hundred and thirty-five men on the first day, and they were not reinforced by a single man. The loss of the Confederate army was one thousand, seven hundred and twenty-eight killed, eight thousand and twelve wounded, and nine hundred and fifty-nine missing or captured—in all ten thousand, six hundred and ninety-nine.

In God they trusted, and sweet faith and love
Enabled them to look to Him above,
Whose shield, they fondly hoped, was o'er them
spread,
And who, in spite of war, would blessings shed
On His dear children, who for refuge fled 395
To Him alone. So thus, e'en in that hour,
When they must part, war's terrors lost their
power,
And joy and pain were strangely, sweetly blent,
As with fond kiss their sep'rate paths they went.
Though for six months of eighteen sixty-two, 400
In spite of all that valiant men could do,
Success oft followed by defeat did still
Each Southern breast with disappointment fill,
Yet rifts had in the clouds anon appeared,
What time Buchanan * all the Southland cheered, 405
When the Virginia † crowned our navy's arms
With vict'ry's light and spread such dire alarms
Through all the North: nor ceased her exploits
here.
She in her short and glorious career
From Hampton Roads and Sewell's Point won
fame, 410

* Admiral Franklin Buchanan, of the Confederate States' navy.

† When the Federal authorities abandoned the navy yard at Norfolk, Va., in April, 1861, they sank the Merrimac. The Confederates raised this vessel and under plans suggested by Lieutenant John M. Brooke, converted it into an ironclad, which they named the Virginia. On March 8, 1862, it attacked the Federal fleet, captured and burned the Congress, sank the Cumberland, ran the Minnesota aground and scattered the rest of the fleet. On the next day the Monitor appeared upon the scene, and by keeping between the Virginia and the Minnesota, saved the latter from destruction. In this battle the Virginia finally drove the Monitor into water so shallow that the Virginia could not follow. Then she steamed back to Norfolk. On April 11th, the Virginia tried to bring the Federal fleet, which included the Monitor, another ironclad, the Minnesota and other frigates to battle. The Virginia and the wooden boats of the squadron took possession of the "roads," cut out three vessels from under the enemy's guns and defied the Federal fleet, which refused to accept her challenge. On the 8th of May the Federal fleet attacked the batteries at Sewell's Point, but the Monitor and another ironclad and all the rest of the fleet fled upon the approach of the Virginia.

And left as noble heritage her name.*
 'Twas after New Orleans and Memphis fell,
 That Vicksburg and Van Dorn withstood so well
 All efforts of the mighty Union fleet
 And all attacks successfully did meet. 415
 Then with the Arkansas brave Isaac Brown
 Raised up our hopes that had been once cast down,
 When he with his good ship the gauntlet ran
 And baffled Farragut's and Davis' plan.
 O'er better officers or truer crew 420
 Commander's gallant pennant never flew.
 Out from the Yazoo's stream they forced their way
 And o'er three other vessels won the day;
 Then down the Mississippi sought the fleet
 Whose fearful odds they dreaded not to meet. 425
 Each heart beat high with resolution bold
 To do a deed, whose like had ne'er been told,
 And record make of duty well performed,
 Though shot and shell around them fiercely
 stormed.
 Pilot John Hodges earned the meed of fame 430
 And left to coming years a hero's name,
 Who, ere they cleared the Yazoo's narrow stream,
 While iron bolts and shell around them scream,
 When borne off wounded, said with dying breath,
 "Keep middle of the river!" Then in death 435
 Closed eyes of him who with a patriot's soul,
 Forgetting self, thought only of the whole.
 When word was brought: "The flag is shot away!"
 Despite the leaden hail that fell that day
 And swept with deadly hurricane the deck, 440
 Midshipman Scales did naught of danger reck,
 But mounting ladder swung the colors high.
 When metal plates, the seething boiler nigh,
 Became so hot, that those who fed the flame,

*On May 11th when Norfolk was abandoned by the Confederates, Commodore Tatnall destroyed the *Virginia*, because her bulk would not permit her sailing up the James river, and she could not safely sail upon the sea. But at Drewry's Bluff the crew of the *Virginia* successfully defended Fort Darling against five Federal ironclads and saved Richmond from attack by the Union fleet. The Confederates afterwards built the James River Squadron, one of the best vessels of which was the new *Virginia*, and this fleet bore an important part in the defense of Richmond.

Could there no longer stay, then succor came. 445
In brave Lieutenant Grimbald and the men
Who took their place, till they could breathe again.
Bold Quartermaster Eaton's ringing voice,
While chiding laggards, made the brave rejoice
With words of praise, as he gave helping hand 450
To any injured of that gallant band.
Lieutenant Gift was wounded in the arm,
And Master's Mate John Wilson met like harm.
A bursting shell brought sixteen brave men low
And set the ship on fire; but, never slow, 455
Lieutenant Stevens, rushing with the hose,
Put out the flames ere any one of those
Who fought near by had taken the alarm.
Of this division Curtis without harm
Most wondrously escaped. Great Captain Brown, 460
Though from his dang'rous platform thrice hurled
down,
Stood firm and strong amid the hostile fire,
Nor did from post of danger e'er retire.
Midshipman Clarence Tyler near his side
Stood bravely in this battle's fearful tide, 465
Till wounded sorely he was borne away,
Regretting that he could no longer stay.
With Shacklett wounded and John Hodges dead,
Pilot James Brady steered the ship ahead.
Van Dorn and Breckinridge both viewed the fight 470
From Vicksburg's court-house top, and at the
sight
Stood breathless, while the seeming rash attempt
Obtained success, of which they little dreamt.
Though more than twenty ships with iron-clads
Had hurled their bolts upon the gallant lads, 475
They brought their vessel in grand triumph out
'Mid loud exultant cheer and thrilling shout,
And ladies fair and children joyed to see
That feat which set the "Heroic City" free.*
When formed war's threat'ning cloud in early
spring 480
It seemed invasion's tide would ruin bring

*After this successful fight of the *Arkansas* and her victory in another battle over the Federal ironclads sent by Farragut to destroy her, the Union fleets sailed away and Vicksburg had a period of rest from attack.

E'en in Virginia on the Southern cause.
 But daring heart of one † gave needed pause
 To put our desp'rate efforts on their feet
 And give us strength our thronging foes to meet. 485
 In the fair valley of the Shenandoah,
 Near where the Blue Ridge Mountains upward
 soar,

Was Stonewall Jackson with a little band,
 Beset by tenfold odds on ev'ry hand.
 As constant reinforcements forward go 490
 To swell the ranks of our too mighty foe,
 How swift is Jackson's swoop that spreads alarm,*
 Lest to their capital shall come some harm,
 And, as each southward move was straightway
 stayed,

How well on Fed'ral fears our leaders played! 495
 Then, as they sent to Jackson needed strength,
 Thus giving him a better chance at length
 To strike for his loved cause a telling blow,
 How his strange moves bewildered friend and foe,
 Till quickly flashed the news one morn of May: 500
 "God blessed our arms with vict'ry yesterday!"
 When suddenly again he disappeared,
 With dread uncertainty the foemen feared,
 Not knowing where the lightning's bolt would
 strike.

The Valley army, soon, tornado like, 505
 With swift, resistless rush swept all before
 And routed foes in dire confusion bore,
 Till over the Potomac Banks had passed
 And sent congratulations that at last
 From Jackson's clutch his army was secure. 510
 Long as the lives of those brave men endure,
 Who followed Jackson on that glorious day
 When through glad Winchester they forced their
 way,

† "Stonewall" Jackson.

* Jackson, with a little more than three thousand men attacked General Shield's army of seven thousand at Kernstown, and though repulsed, so alarmed the Federal authorities for the safety of Washington, that they stopped the movement of reinforcements to McClellan.

‖ At McDowell, where Jackson defeated Fremont's advance toward Staunton.

Will recollection fond the scene recall,
As, with glad shouts and smiles and tears of all, 515
Children, fair women and old men rushed out,
While yet the deadly missiles flew about,
To greet the loudly cheering Southern host,
'Mongst whom were many whom they loved the
most,

Sons, fathers, brothers, husbands, lovers, friends; 520
While wild ecstatic joy with sorrow blends;
Joy, as they clasp them in a fond embrace,
Sorrow for perils that they yet must face.
Americans! who live in South or North,
Will such a scene fail ever to bring forth . 525
The recollection of those days of old,
Of which from childhood's years we have been
told?

How patriots, who had fought to free our land
From British tyrants' strong, oppressive hand,
Received glad greetings as they homeward came 530
From fields where they had won eternal fame?
Some Southern hearts those days can ne'er forget
And oft in wonder question even yet,
How true Americans such scenes recall
And feel no honest blush of shame at all, 535
That sovereign states they helped to overthrow
And sought to bring our noble race so low
As willingly to wear a tyrant's chain.
Thank God! Through weal or woe, through joy
or pain,

To those great principles the fathers taught 540
The South with faith that never has been bought
Hath true remained and by them steadfast stood.
Restore by force the Union? Never could
The bayonets of all the earth do that.
Force killed the one, where Love, once mighty,
sat, 545

And o'er devoted hearts supremely reigned.
Coercion lost the old, the new then gained.
Those heroes of the North, who bravely fought
And, although vainly, yet sincerely sought
To save intact and wholly unimpaired 550
The Union, while the rights of States they spared,
Found, at the last that tyrants seized the reins

And o'erthrew sovereign States for party's gains.*
 The dear old Union, by true hearts deplored,
 We oft have feared, could never be restored. 555
 Thank God, the new, though first on pillars laid
 Of dire coercion, may, howe'er be made
 By justice and sweet love so like the old,
 That none will wish to leave its shelt'ring fold!
 How had the lightning stroke of our "Stone-
 wall" 560
 Sent consternation to the hearts of all
 Who led th' opposing hosts and marred their
 scheme!
 In danger their own capital they deem.
 Fremont and Shields from different points con-
 verge
 And forward rapidly their armies urge 565
 To catch the wary Jackson in their snare.
 He, of their purpose perfectly aware,
 Imboden sent to guard each pass and gap
 And then in safety marched from out their trap,
 With captives by the thousands in his train 570
 And wagons with such spoil as victors gain.
 By Turner Ashby and his horsemen bold
 Whose deeds ne'er fail to thrill, whenever told,
 Our army's flanks and rear were guarded well.
 Time fails us all their exploits here to tell. 575
 How Percy Wyndham, a young English lord,
 Did merriment to all the land afford,
 When his vain boast that he would Ashby bag,
 By sequel proved what folly 'tis to brag!
 To his smart game the Southern chief was up; 580
 And Percy captive had that eve to sup
 With Captain Conrad of our Ashby's staff,
 Who in a single combat turned the laugh
 Upon the English lord: so well 't was done,
 It gave to Ashby's men a lot of fun. 585
 But sorrow followed quickly upon joy,
 Which seldom comes on earth without alloy.
 Soon in victorious fight our Ashby† fell,

* The reference here is to the reconstruction era when tyrants ruled the hour, a period that ought to put the blush of shame upon the cheek of every true American.

† Brigadier-General Turner Ashby was killed near Harrisonburg, Va., June 6, 1862.

Leaving a name in true hearts treasured well
And linked in fame with that of his great chief 590
For deeds of each almost beyond belief.

How was the crowning day of that campaign
Hailed through the South, as joy bells rang again,
When Jackson's sabre from its scabbard flashed,
As Fremont's legions to one side he dashed 595
And quickly next in flight Shields' columns
hurled,

While blows he struck astounding all the world!
Four times his numbers he had grandly foiled
And well-concerted plans of foemen spoiled.

Meanwhile McClellan after Seven Pines 600
Stood marking time in his well-guarded lines.
When Johnston wounded was borne off the field,
Where 'neath his blows did Couch and Casey
yield,

In Robert Lee the hour and man well met,
And chief appeared whom fame will ne'er forget. 605

Finding an army sick from hope deferred,
Yet by a longing great for vict'ry stirred,
Ready in country's cause to do or die
And ne'er yet forced from any field to fly,
Lee promptly saw occasion grand had come 610
To mass his forces and at once strike home.

Stuart, Virginia's knightly cavalier,
In spirit bold and knowing nought of fear,
Made daring circuit of McClellan's host,
Obtaining knowledge that was needed most 615
To aid Lee's plan for making an attack
To drive in rout the Fed'ral army back.

When Lee to Jackson reinforcements sent,
As though a march on Washington were meant,
With such great tact of military art 620

And wondrous skill did Jackson act his part,
That, while his dread approach the foemen feared,
He left their front and near Lee's lines appeared.
One feeble effort did McClellan make

Aggressive action once again to take. 625

But King's Schoolhouse beheld its prompt defeat,
Where A. R. Wright advanced the foe to meet
With Georgia boys in battle ever bold

And Louisianians strong their lines to hold.
These promptly from their front the foe repel 630

And then with headlong charge and "rebel yell"
 Swept the whole field and noble triumph won
 Gaining high honor by their deeds well done.
 Two sons of Georgia in this day's brave fight,
 Who laurels won that shone in lustre bright, 635
 Of that career a good beginning made,
 Which later in the famed Doles-Cook brigade *
 Linked their proud names as leaders bold and
 true

And ever prompt heroic acts to do.
 Not for one moment were Lee's plans set back 640
 By this abortive effort at attack,
 When Jackson's signal guns announcement made
 Of his approach, no longer was delayed
 The forward movement of that Southern host
 Whose exploits wondrous charm all readers most. 645
 From Maryland to Texas came the men,
 With spirits eager to repeat again
 The glories of Manassas' famous field,
 Where haughty foes had been compelled to yield.
 The Southern cross above them floated high, 650
 Bright harbinger of glorious triumph nigh.
 Behind lines well entrenched the Fed'rals stood
 And hold these, they had thought, they surely
 would.

Theirs was the larger force and yet they deemed
 That whelming odds around their army
 streamed. 655

Knowing that thus they felt, our leaders played
 On this opinion: thus Magruder || stayed
 Three times his strength by his well-feigned attack
 That kept all needed reinforcements back,
 While Lee with larger force assailed their right, 660
 Where Fitz John Porter† made his gallant fight:
 And yet more marvelous to tell or hear,

* George Pierce Doles and Philip Cook, the former being colonel and the latter adjutant of the Fourth Georgia Regiment. Doles became brigadier-general and was killed at Bethesda church, June 2, 1864, upon which Cook, then colonel, was made brigadier-general.

|| Major-General J. Bankhead Magruder, a brave and dashing Confederate officer.

† Major-General Fitz John Porter, one of the ablest officers of the Federal army.

As Jackson moved toward their right and rear,
The magic of his name held off at bay
Three armies from this conflict far away, 665
Who thought Imboden* and a thousand horse
Were dreadful "Stonewall" with a mighty force,
And thus, while guarding 'gainst a phantom host
Failed to appear where they were needed most.

The twenty-seventh day of June at dawn, 670
When bugles woke the echoes of the morn,
Up from their couch of grass or naked earth
Sprang the true men who always proved their
worth

To rank with heroes brave of ev'ry clime,
Foremost on roll of Fame since birth of Time. 675
As forward Lee's gray lines so grandly moved,
Points, which the eve before, too strong had
proved

For Ripley's and for Pender's† bold attack,
Were yielded now, as Porter's men fell back
To New Cold Harbor's lines and Gaines's Mill, 680
On which advanced A. P. and D. H. Hill,
And Longstreet also, leaders true and tried
As ever for their country fought or died.
Though forward through dense woods his lines
must move,

While still more difficult the deep swamps
prove. 685

Pushing right on, the troops of A. P. Hill‡
Drive Porter's skirmishers from Gaines's Mill,
Then over Powhite swamp impetuous dash
And, although shot and shell among them crash,
'Gainst Porter's center now so strongly push, 690
That Slocum to his aid is forced to rush.
Before the wooded slope of Turkey Hill,
Which from its base to top the foemen fill
With skirmishers and two strong battle lines,

* General Imboden had been left in the Shenandoah Valley with one thousand cavalry with instructions from Jackson to keep up a clatter in the neighborhood of the Federal armies.

† Wm. D. Pender and Roswell S. Ripley were able Confederate generals.

‡ At this time major-general, promoted later for his distinguished services, to the rank of lieutenant-general.

Longstreet* just next to Hill his forces joins, 695
 Whose movement o'er the plain is dang'rous made
 By heavy guns with deadly enfilade.
 Upon Lee's left toward the Fed'ral right
 Was Jackson marching to begin his fight.
 With his advance moved gallant D. H. Hill, 700
 Who o'er all obstacles pressed onward still,
 Till 'cross a swamp with tangled undergrowth
 He met his valiant foemen, nothing loath:
 To try conclusions and to block his way
 At ev'ry step on this so well-fought day. 705
 While Ewell's forces strove to onward press
 And felt the furious battle's desp'rate stress,
 †Lawton's on-moving bold brigade he spied.
 The brave Virginian then exultant cried:
 "Hurrah for Georgia!" and his sword waved 710
 To cheer the men, whose timely aid had saved
 The battle at this well-contested point:
 Long A. P. Hill and Longstreet tried each joint
 Of Fitz John Porter's works so stoutly held,
 Which fierce assaults seemed but to tightly weld. 715
 Adown the sky the summer sun declined
 Nor wished-for victory these chiefs could find.
 Hark! On the breeze redoubled thunders swell
 And on their left th' inspiring rebel yell
 Assurance gave of what they'd long desired 720
 And with new ardor flagging zeal inspired.
 "Jackson has come!" was news that quickly
 spread,
 As shook the ground beneath the martial tread
 Of Whiting's ‡ men by peerless Stonewall sent
 With timely succor, while his power he bent 725
 With utmost strength against the Union right,
 Where regulars of Sykes† made gallant fight.
 Whiting's brave leaders, valiant Law and Hood, °

* James O. Longstreet, at this time a major-general, whose ability gained him the rank of lieutenant-general. This is also true of D. H. Hill and Richard S. Ewell.

† Brigadier-General Alexander R. Lawton, later quartermaster-general of the Confederate States.

‡ Major-General W. H. C. Whiting, a gallant Confederate officer.

° A very able Union major-general.

° Brigadier-General E. M. Law, afterwards major-general. Brigadier-General John B. Hood, promoted later to major-general, lieutenant-general and general.

Arranged their lines with all the haste they could,
At Longstreet's signal forward to advance. 730
As on his moving line fell Hood's proud glance,
With ringing voice he cried: "Boys, falter not
And halt not once, not e'en to take a shot.
O'er ev'ry obstacle resistless sweep
And ever onward without pausing keep." 735
Like words did Whiting to Law's men address,
As this advice on all they strove t' impress.
Now, though like autumn leaves, at each step fall
Brave men who for their country give their all,
The rest in silence swiftly onward rush, 740
The first opposing line before them brush,
Then to artill'ry's roar and musket's crash
With a wild shout reply and upward dash,
Driving from out their works the stubborn men
Who find no chance to rally now again; 745
For a wide gap does Whiting's charge tear
through,
Which fast is held by his brave men so true,
With all the Fed'ral cannon at that place
Which erstwhile swept with deadly storm the
Space,
O'er which the brave Confederates had charged: 750
And the broad gap was farther still enlarged,
As Anderson's and Pickett's lads swept through
And drove before them the brave men in blue.
Wild was the joy of Hood's Fourth Texas then
And also of his Eighteenth Georgia men, 755
Who charging on together made first break
As they from brave Morell the first guns take.
In this there shared the men of Law's command,
Eleventh Mississippi close at hand
With Alabama's Fourth, behind whom came 760
North Carolina's Sixth of noble fame
And Mississippi's Second of proud name.
With wild exultant shouts still pushing on
The first named four yet other honors won
Increasing list of captured guns. Just then 765
Hood's Texas First and Fifth with Hampton's
men
Before them also drove the fleeing foe,
Who finding their way blocked essayed to go

Past Law's rear rank*, which quickly faced about
 And helped to take them in; while thrilling
 shout, 770
 That rolled with mighty sound from left to right,
 Announced that charging with resistless might
 Our Stonewall Jackson, Ewell, D. H. Hill
 Had joined with Longstreet and with A. P. Hill
 In rush of all Lee's heroes sweeping on 775
 And that at ev'ry point the field was won.
 'Twas at this moment of supreme delight
 That, filled with ecstasy of gallant fight,
 Brave Captain Stewart mounted on a gun
 And in a speech replete with joy and fun 780
 Told what the Eighteenth Georgia boys had done.
 This day decided all the grand campaign.
 McClellan thought not of attack again;
 But refuge only sought and safe retreat
 Beneath the shelt'ring guns upon his fleet; 785
 And to this purpose he was steadfast still,
 Nor from it swerved e'en after Malvern Hill,
 Where, though he claimed success, he waited not
 To try another fight, lest fortune's lot
 Should cut him off and shut off ev'ry chance 790
 T' escape from Lee's much-dreaded flank advance;
 And thus by gallant fights and game of bluff
 Lee gained a triumph wonderful enough.†
 Through all the perils of the Seven Days
 Of valiant deeds there were such grand dis-
 plays 795

* The First and Fifth Texas and Hampton's (South Carolina) Legion of Hood's Brigade were on the left of Law's Brigade, while Hood's Fourth Texas and Eighteenth Georgia, under Hood's immediate command, were on the right of Law. The rear rank of Law's Brigade in this charge consisted of the Sixth North Carolina and Second Mississippi.

† Lee with eighty thousand men had attacked and defeated McClellan's one hundred and five thousand protected by breastworks, had raised the siege of Richmond, captured fifty-two cannon, thirty-five thousand small arms, ten thousand prisoners, of whom more than six thousand were unwounded, and had either captured or caused the Federals to destroy many millions of dollars worth of army stores. Scarcely ever in history has there been a more overwhelming victory gained by a smaller army over a larger one composed of men of the same race. The character of the war in Virginia was changed for nearly two years by the "Seven Day's Battle."

By heroes of the South and of the North,
At ev'ry opportunity called forth,
That they have ever caused with pride to swell
Hearts of Americans, within which dwell
Honor's rewards for those who offer all 800
In willing sacrifice at country's call.
While to brave foes we grant the meed of praise,
Glad songs of triumph for our boys we raise,
How gladly would we mention ev'ry one
By whom heroic and great acts were done! 805
Of two, whose deeds were very like, we tell,
An officer and private, acting well,
Each in his sphere, the part to him assigned
And giving thus sure proof of valiant mind.
With mother's pride the old Palmetto State 810
Doth Major Haskell's* courage grand relate,
Whose patriot soul impelled him to forget
His shattered arm and ask for orders yet
From gallant Hood, who saw his ghastly wound
And ordered him to leave the battleground. 815
The valor he'd in that grand charge displayed
And the regret with which he now obeyed
Deeply impressed each gallant-hearted man
Who saw his courage, ere the charge began
And when, with torn-off hand 'mid captured
guns 820
He stood a peer among the South's best sons.
On that same day of famous Gaines's Mill
A Georgia private did his part fulfill
With equal courage, and the tale is told
By his lieutenant, true himself and bold.* 825
The Thirty-first by Clement Evans led
Was in the thickest fight where heroes bled.
Young Wilson Pierce received an ugly wound
Which tore his hand, as lying on the ground
The men awaited signal to advance. 830
Lieutenant Harrison with but a glance

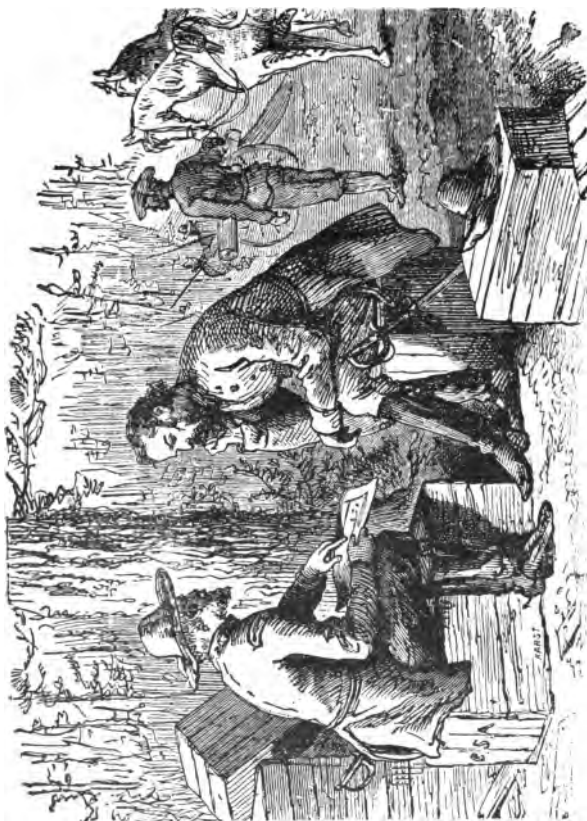
* Major John Haskell of South Carolina, the Palmetto State.

† W. H. Harrison, known among Georgia Confederate Veterans as Tip Harrison, at that time lieutenant, but afterwards a captain in the Thirty-first Georgia Regiment, of which the gallant Clement A. Evans was colonel, afterwards promoted to be brigadier-general.

Knew the brave lad could do no more that day
And from the battle ordered him away,
Bidding him run to place, where he could be,
While caring for his hurt, from danger free. 835
But with delib'rate pace and slow he moved,
Receiving wound, which later mortal proved.
He, being asked, why 'twas he had not done
As ordered, said: "I did not want to run."
Oft through that stirring week along the front, 840
Where valiant soldiers bore the battle's brunt,
Jeff Davis on the lines with Robert Lee
Among the men appeared, who joyed to see
Our president and noble leader near
And always greeted them with rousing cheer. 845
In those proud days our final triumph seemed
A thing assured. Ah! little then we dreamed
Of storm that on our nation's chief would burst.
When some day for our sakes he'd bear the worst
That hate could pour on his devoted head, 850
While for his sorrows ev'ry true heart bled.
Richmond, fair city on the noble James,
At thought of thee, how many glorious names
On our fond memories come trooping back
Of men who lofty courage ne'er did lack 855
To fight in thy defense or die for thee,
That thy loved homes forever might be free
From fierce Oppression's strong uplifted hand
That threatened thee and all our Southern land.
And thy fair daughters! Ah! no poet's lays 860
Can e'er extol with too exalted praise
Their noble sacrifices, gladly made
Their brave defenders and the cause to aid.
There is not in the South a single State,
From which some son had not the happy fate 865
To know the tender care thy women gave,
In hospital or home, his life to save.
Thy noble men and precious children, too,
Did all that loving hands and hearts could do
To cheer the sick or wounded soldier's lot, 870
Whom e'en 'mid their own griefs they slighted not.
Richmond will live in each true soldier's heart
Who e'er in her defense bore gallant part,
And her proud fame with children's children
dwell,
Till the Archangel sounds Earth's funeral knell. 875

BOOK III.**The Tide of Southern Triumph Onward Rolls.**

O glorious news that flashed from east to west,
When God with victory our arms had blessed!
The siege of Richmond had been grandly raised,
And all the South Lee's noble army praised,
Forgetting not the glory to assign 5
To Him whose guiding hand, to us benign,
The plans had thwarted of our mighty foe,
That, like a storm-cloud fraught with fearful woe,
Had threatened to o'erwhelm our lovely land
And scatter ruin dire on ev'ry hand. 10
Ah! was the faith of Lee and Jackson vain?
Or shall we now against God's will complain?
Poor feeble man knows not the way that's best.
God to his people oft hath sorrows blessed;
And, though disaster's tide upon them rolls, 15
The whelming flood doth not o'erflow their souls.
All-trusting love doth ever cast out fear,
And this one thought hath filled our hearts with
cheer;
When vict'ry crowned our arms, we praised His
name,
And, when on us disasters direful came, 20
Our people bowed beneath His chast'ning rod
And 'mid their sorrows lost not faith in God;
And, spite of all oppression fierce could do,
They've to their patriot fathers' faith been true.
Defeat but helped to show the spirit grand 25
That marks the people of our Southern land
And proves their right to the proud title "great."
Who've triumphed over most disastrous fate
With the same lofty courage that had won
The praise of ev'ry land beneath the sun, 30
When the proud Southern cross was floating high
'Neath Old Virginia's or Kentucky's sky.



LEE AND JACKSON PLANNING ATTACK UPON THE UNION RIGHT AT
CHANCELLORSVILLE.

What wondrous change the "seven days" had wrought!
And what high hopes unto our people brought!
Retreat upon retreat had followed fast 35
And towns and forts been yielded, till at last
'Twas doubtful question, if we long could stand
'Gainst whelming odds that poured upon our land.
But Jackson triumphs in the Shenandoah
And Lee's great victory such fruitage bore 40
Of marvelous success, that nought could stay
The rising of the tide, that swept away
The foemen's mighty hosts, though at great cost,
And seemed about to win back all we'd lost.
In Old Virginia "forward!" was the word, 45
And our exultant soldiers' shouts were heard
In Mississippi and in Tennessee,
As with firm resolution to be free
From fierce invasion's all-destroying power
Our heroes waited, eager for the hour, 50
When the command "Advance!" should greet the
ear;
And tidings glad their spirits daily cheer.
While Bragg's impatient host at Tupelo
Stood eager thus to march against the foe,
The hardy horsemen of the great Southwest, 55
In strength and courage equal to the best
That rode beneath the starry Southern cross,
Whose souls ne'er failed for peril or for loss,
At the commander's word quick sallied forth
To smite with might their foemen of the North. 60
"The Wizard of the Saddle," Forrest,* came,
Carving with flashing sword his dreaded name
On lofty tablet in Fame's noble hall:
And old Kentucky boys, who gave up all
To ride with bold John Morgan, swift uprose 65
And struck with heavy hands the Southland's foes.
Joe Wheeler, peer of any, Georgia's son,
Who both for her and Alabama won
Honors as high as e'er crowned gallant knight,
Amid the foremost fought for home and right. 70
Dashing from ev'ry side on scattered posts,

* Nathan Bedford Forrest of Tennessee.

They spread alarm among th' invading hosts,
 While tidings borne on ev'ry swelling breeze
 Tell of rich spoil which from the foe they seize,
 And captives by the thousand in their train 75
 Raise high the hopes of those brave men again
 Who under Kirby Smith and Braxton Bragg,
 With spirits that would not for trials lag,
 Wait for the word that bids them to begin
 The northward march, their lost ground back to
 win. 80

While yet they waited, joyous tidings came,
 Shedding new lustre on our "Stonewall's" name
 And giving Southern hearts still greater hope,
 As Jackson backward drove the boastful Pope,
 Who, after all his vaunts, now turned with fear 85
 At news of danger lurking in his rear.
 For wary "Stonewall" first at Cedar Run
 His telling strokes had splendidly begun
 And, sweeping round his now bewildered foe,
 To famed Manassas made all haste to go 90
 And guns and captives seized and, what was more,
 All kinds of rich supplies laid up in store.
 Then, reinforced by thousands strong and brave,
 His reputation Pope strove hard to save
 And fell on Jackson with tremendous power, 95
 Hoping that he had found a fav'ring hour
 To win great glory on the very field,
 Where Northern arms had once been forced to
 yield.

Like solid rocks, 'gainst which the mad waves
 dash
 With sullen roar and awe-inspiring crash, 100
 Jackson's stout legions all undaunted stand
 And hurl the foemen back on ev'ry hand.
 And now with master stroke, that won new fame,
 Great Lee with Longstreet to the rescue came
 And fell like lightning on the foemen's flanks, 105
 Who then with crushed and badly broken ranks
 Retreated from another dire Bull Run,
 Where Southern arms another day had won.
 Thus, to the great amazement of the world,
 The mighty Northern hosts, in flight now hurled, 110
 Recrossing the Potomac took their stand
 Beyond the border of Virginia's land.

The shouts of triumph from Manassas' plain
Were echoed from Kentucky back again,
Where on the selfsame day with mighty hand 115
Our Kirby Smith struck down the hostile band,
Making renowned another Richmond's name,*
While one more triumph graced our roll of fame.
As Lee's proud soldiers ford Potomac's wave
And in its waters first their footsteps lave, 120
Glad strains of martial music greet the ear
And "Maryland, my Maryland!" sounds loud and
clear.

So in the West brave Southern hearts beat high
While float their banners in Kentucky's sky
And flags of Smith and Bragg still northward
soar 125

And carry terror to Ohio's shore.
Glad with these hosts Kentucky's exiles come
To bask awhile in loved one's smiles at home.
Ah! then we hoped to gain what we had sought,
For which our heroes toiled, endured and fought. 130
And what was that? The doctrine stoutly claimed,
When our brave sires of "seventy-six" proclaimed
The people's right their government to change,
When safety should demand; nor thought it
strange

For colonies united to decree 135
That they from Britain should henceforth be free.
For sovereign States we claimed the very right,
Which they for colonies had won in fight.
And did the safety of the South demand
That which we dared for our dear native land? 140
Whether good cause there was for us to fear,
Lest peril to the South were drawing near,
'Gainst which forewarned, our people were alert
And which they strove so bravely to avert,
Let reconstruction tyrants answer give, 145
To whom, that Anglo-Saxon rule doth live
In these fair States, we nought of thanks do owe.
To that keen sense of justice, not so slow,
When once aroused, which, thanks to God! doth
dwell,

* The victory at Richmond, Ky., was gained on the same day on which the Confederates gained the second battle of Manassas in Virginia.

As in the South, so in the North as well, 150
 Is due whate'er of sovereignty remains
 To all our States, whate'er our land retains
 Of what was noblest in the old regime,
 Which better than the new to some doth seem.
 And yet with all its faults that e'en the new 155
 Is best that's left on earth, we think is true.
 And better still the new may yet be made,
 When Love and Justice once more lend their aid
 State sovereignty and Union to unite
 In noble land, wherein Right dwells with Might. 160
 Now from these thoughts turn we to fields again
 Where heroes strive the mast'ry to obtain.
 Lee's plans were thwarted by an order lost
 Which valor rectified at fearful cost.
 Though at South Mountain men of D. H. Hill, 165
 Strengthened by Longstreet, try each gap to fill
 And keep McClellan's whelming numbers back.
 To hold all points the needful strength they lack,
 But win the fight for time, though many a man
 And leader closed this day his life's short span. 170
 None braver than the noble Garland* died
 Of all who for the victor's wreath there tried.
 And stoutly Howell Cobb at Crampton's Gap
 Fought to secure Lee's plan against mishap.
 'Mid hottest fire that smote our ranks that day, 175
 Two wounded Georgians on the red field lay,
 Lieutenant Lowe and Colonel Jeff Lamar,†
 Of whom the Colonel's hurt was worse by far.
 They saw that there was need of speedy change
 To shift Cobb's legion from most deadly range. 180
 "Bill," said the Colonel, "lift me up, I pray,
 That needful orders I may clearly say."
 Then with his unhurt arm Lowe raised Lamar,
 Whose voice stentorian rang through din of war;
 "By the right flank, Cobb's Legion, forward
 march!" 185
 Waving his sword aloft with graceful arch,
 As is the way of chiefs who give command.

* Brigadier-General Samuel Garland, of Virginia, was killed at Fox's Gap on South Mountain, September 14, 1862.

† Jeff M. Lamar of Cobb's Georgia Legion, and Lieutenant Wm. B. Lowe of the same command.

But flashing blade drops from his nerveless hand
As whistling bullet smites the hero down,
Who, while he saves his men, wins martyr's
crown. 190

When Franklin[†] through the gap had forced his
way,

'Twas just as friendly night had closed the day.
And now did brave McLaws[‡] his troops dispose
To baffle farther movement of his foes,
Till Jackson could Lee's cherished plan complete 195
With Harper's Ferry^{||} prostrate at his feet,
Whence he twelve thousand captives with rich
store,

Cannon and all supplies as trophies bore.

And now Lee's forces on Antietam's banks
Near Sharpsburg village in well-ordered ranks, 200
With less than forty thousand at the most
Await the coming of McClellan's host,
Who with their more than twofold numbers
thought

That they would win the day, whene'er they
fought.

Advancing from South Mountain, they believed 205
Lee in retreat and past defeats retrieved.

These hopes the news from Harper's Ferry chilled
And with uncertainty their spirits filled;
While Lee's brave soldiers Jackson's coming
cheers

And his great triumph scatters doubts and fears. 210

Just as the sun climbs o'er South Mountain's crest

And with his beams, that glance from east to west,

Looks smiling down on Cumberland's fair vale,

Joe Hooker's valiant men that point assail

Where stand the heroes of the lion heart, 215

Prepared to act that day a gallant part.

[†] Major-General Wm. B. Franklin of McClellan's army.

[‡] Major-General LaFayette McLaws of the Confederate
army.

^{||} At Harper's Ferry, Stonewall Jackson captured twelve thousand prisoners, seventy-three cannon, thirteen thousand small arms, two hundred wagons, and a great quantity of military stores. The battle of South Mountain was fought to prevent McClellan from interfering with Jackson's operations.

There Jackson leads with chieftains true and tried
 As ever for their country fought or died.
 Around the Dunker church in field and wood
 His noble men the onset fierce withstood. 220
 Though through them cannons' bolts and muskets'
 fire

Tore fearful gaps and scattered ruin dire,
 And, though with gallant Starke and Douglas
 brave*

So many hundreds died the South to save,
 Unfalt'ring still the men of gallant Hood 225
 With those of Early, Lawton, Trimble stood,
 While men of James G. Walker gave their aid
 And by McLaw's success was surer made.
 Firm as the walls of strong Gibraltar's rock
 These heroes stood the fearful battle's shock. 230
 Vainly did Hooker, Mansfield, Sumner † rush
 And strive with whelming odds their foes to crush.
 Vainly they urged persistent, bold attack;
 Their gallant ranks were driven shattered back.
 With valiant Richardson and Mansfield slain 235
 And Hooker wounded borne from battle plain,
 Their broken columns in defeat withdrew
 Nor could again their fierce attack renew.
 Of Fed'ral chiefs had Jackson met the best
 And of their strongest efforts stood the test. 240
 The lads of D. H. Hill win fame again
 Where many die within the Bloody Lane;
 But now o'erwhelming pressure drives them back
 As French and Franklin make their strong attack.
 Seeing impending ruin drawing nigh. 245
 The dignity of rank Longstreet lays by,
 Holding the horses' bridles, while Sorrell,
 Latrobe and Fairfax man the cannon well,
 And North Carolina's braves with Colonel Cook
 With banners floating high most threat'ning look, 250

*Brigadier-General Wm. E. Starke, of Virginia and Colonel Marcellus Douglas, of Georgia.

†At Sharpsburg or Antietam the Federal army numbered eighty-seven thousand men and the Confederates something less than forty thousand.

See Derry's "Story of the Confederate States"; also Official Records.

†Major-Generals Joseph K. Mansfield and Edwin V. Sumner of the Union army.

As without cartridges they firmly stand
Braving all perils for their native land.
The foemen hesitate; then guns of Hill
With deadly crossfire all their ardor chill,
While Longstreet, bringing Nathan Evans' men 255
And Anderson's, makes safe our lines again.
Robert and Levi Smith and brave Barclay,
Newton and Philip Tracy died this day.*
Upon Lee's left and center battle ceased
And now these points from pressure were
released. 260
Toward Lee's right for four hours of that day
Toombs and his Georgians brave blocked Burn-
side's way
And 'gainst ten times their numbers held the
ridge
That with its rocks o'erlooked Antietam's bridge.
Four times did Sturgis urge his gallant men; 265
Four times the Georgians hurled them back again,
While Holmes and Millican† great deeds display
And yield their noble lives to win the day.
But now at length Burnside's great army corps,
Outnumb'ring Jones and Toombs five times or
more, 270
By flanking move have crossed the narrow stream
And, charging on, themselves as victors deem.
Quick to the rescue with its splendid guns
The Rockbridge batt'ry past our Gen'ral runs,
And, as its horses swift go whirling by, 275
A private black with powder coming nigh
Salutes his father, then speeds to his gun.
'Twas Robert Lee, our chieftain's youngest son!
Now Burnside charging almost gains Lee's rear,
When on his flank doth A. P. Hill appear,‡ 280
From Harper's Ferry hasting since the morn
With men who perils and all hardships scorn.

*Robert Smith, Levi Smith.

Barclay —, Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Newton and Major Philip Tracy, both of the Sixth Georgia.

†Colonel Wm. R. Holmes, of the Second Georgia and Colonel Wm. T. Millican of the Fifteenth Georgia.

‡Major-General A. P. Hill had been left by Jackson to secure the rich supplies captured at Harper's Ferry. Having done this he hastened to Sharpsburg, reaching the field of battle in time to hurl back Burnside's corps.

Fording the river with no pause for rest,
 As ope their cannon from the ridge's crest,
 With ringing shout on Burnside's corps they rush 285
 And down the slope his broken columns brush.
 The South's proud banners wave in triumph high
 And loudly rings her thrilling battle-cry, .
 As with the setting of the autumn sun
 The final struggle of the day is won. 290
 The stars come out and look with pitying gaze
 On bloodiest field of all the war's sad days.
 Next day from early dawn to dewy night
 Lee stood prepared to give McClellan fight.
 Though having heavy odds, the Federal chief 295
 E'en with fresh troops, with caution past belief,
 Waited for more e'en yet, while wary Lee,
 With skill most wonderful and rare to see,
 Toyed with his fears; then, ere another day,
 In order with his army moved away. 300
 One effort at pursuit McClellan tried,
 But in defeat his vain endeavor died.

In the fair valley of the Shenandoah,
 Where joy it was to be with friends once more,
 Lee's noble army found a well-earned rest, 305
 Sweet e'en to heroes ranking with the best,
 Who've since Time's birth for country bravely
 fought

And valor's meed with zeal untiring sought.
 Amid the splendor of the autumn woods
 Or scenes that gave bright hope of nature's goods 310
 They gladly roved, or bathed in limpid streams:
 And oft with hearty shouts and merry screams
 Those braves, so used to bear the battle's brunt,
 Stretched their fleet limbs in race or lively hunt.
 While friends, who in the distance heard their
 noise, 315

Cried: "There goes Jackson or a rabbit, boys!"
 While thus the army rested, Stuart bold
 With horsemen, whose brave deeds Fame oft hath
 told,

Made Pennsylvania's Quakers ope their eyes
 In 'wild'ring doubt, dismay and strange surprise, 320
 As through their land swept on the dashing raid,
 Which of McClellan's host the circuit made.

On pleasing theme, my Muse, awhile now dwell

And show how all that endeth well is well.
In Georgia's Thirty-first there was a lad 325
Who with a courage high and spirit glad
Obeyed his country's stirring slogan call
And to her cause had consecrated all.
'Mid leaden hail, where Ewell wounded fell,*
John Clayton bore the Southern banner well, 330
Till hissing minie robbed him of his eye.
But not the pain of wound brought deepest sigh.
'Twas Susie Bullard's fair and witching face
And form endowed with ev'ry charm and grace,
That came before the vision of his mind. 335
Ah! Would her glance be now to him so kind,
As when she bade her soldier boy farewell
With smiles and tears that in his heart still dwell?
Such doubts unworthy torture all his soul,
As homeward swift the moving train doth roll. 340
So soon as he could meet his lady fair,
In her dear presence with dejected air
He doubtful stood and in his sad heart said:
" 'Twere better far, if I were with the dead!"
Then spake aloud: "I can not hold you now 345
Or deem that you must keep that cherished vow.
My honor prompts that I should give release
And bid my fondest hopes forever cease."
But sweetly then her voice the silence broke,
As in her earnest words her true heart spoke: 350
"But I'll not take release. I love you more,
And with a fonder pride than e'er before."
How thrilled his soul with joy, no words can tell.
They only know, with whom true love doth dwell.
Though now exempt from service, his brave
heart 355
Impelled him still to act a patriot's part.
Through battles fierce the colors proud he bore
Till peace returned to bless the land once more.
Then two true hearts the holy vows did plight
In love that aye should live without a blight.† 360

*General Richard S. Ewell lost a leg at Second Manassas. After his recovery he returned to duty and served in the field to the end.

†I have put into verse this true story, which is related by Captain Wm. H. (Tip) Harrison in his thrilling book, "The Man with the Musket." The captain kindly gave me permission to use it. J. T. Derry.

To tell, as it deserves, each noble deed,
 Of volumes without number there'd be need.
 A few alone we've space and time to tell;
 Help me, my Muse, to give the story well.
 Virginia's William Smith,[†] old brigadier, 365
 As colonel in his four and sixtieth year
 At First Manassas in the front was found,
 At Seven Pines received a painful wound,
 Three more on Sharpsburg's well-contested field
 And yet to toils and dangers did not yield; 370
 But after Gettysburg promotion gained
 And highest honors from his State obtained.
 And Captain William Brown, great Georgia's son,
 Fought with the noble Twelfth at sixty-one,
 On many fields high reputation made 375
 And died at Ox Hill,[‡] leading a brigade.
 Grand John B. Gordon, Bayard of our host,
 Ranking with leaders whom we honor most,
 At Sharpsburg five times struck and life despaired.
 In many another desp'rate battle shared, 380
 And, winning warrior's crown and wreath of
 peace,
 Had love of comrades destined ne'er to cease.*
 With these of hoary hairs or manhood's prime.
 Honors as great in ev'ry land and time
 Belong to all those thousands of our youth, 385
 Who loving courage high and lofty truth,
 To country's cause were faithful unto death
 And proved their loyalty till latest breath,
 Whether they died 'mid strife of battle-field,
 Or late in days of peace their lives did yield. 390

[†]General Wm. Smith was before the war a Governor of Virginia, after the First Manassas was made a brigadier-general, after Gettysburg a major-general and after the war was Governor of Virginia again.

[‡]Or Chantilly, as this battle is also called. Capt. Wm. F. Brown of the Twelfth Georgia was commanding a brigade of Georgians, Alabamians and North Carolinians, when killed.

^{||}John B. Gordon, enlisting as a private, was elected captain, rose to the grade of lieutenant-general, commanded the left wing of Lee's army at Appomattox, was after the war elected Governor of Georgia and twice Senator, was elected commander at the first reunion of United Confederate Veterans and re-elected at each reunion. He died January —, 1904.

At second battle on Manassas' plain,
Where Northern soldiers met defeat again,
A lad of eighteen on that famous day
Upon his father's staff in thickest fray
Was sorely wounded; and though maimed for
life, 395
When well again, returned to battle strife;
Nor did his martial service ever cease
Till grim War's banners had been furled in peace;
And long hath Georgia crowned brave William
Wright
With honors grateful to her loyal knight.† 400
A major going to the war's stern field
To his two boys reluctantly did yield
That to Virginia they with him might go.
Couriers the two were made with hope that so
From hardship they might somewhat shielded be. 405
Two manly youths they were and fair to see;
The elder but sixteen, both full of zeal
And all the ardent fire that patriot's feel.
By fell disease the three were smitten down
And died ere they could win the warrior's crown; 410
But Georgia in her list of hero dead
Three times enrolls the name of Lallerstedt.
Of Georgia's sons who were at Sharpsburg slain
None truer fell than Captain William Plane;
Just such a leader as brave men esteem 415
And of the highest honors worthy deem;
And such a man as wholly filled a heart
That from his cherished image ne'er could part.
And held the South's "lost cause" all else above
For his dear sake with an undying love. 420
Like all of these the South can myriads claim
Who crowned her brow with never-ending fame.
Not for slight cause such sacrifice was made;
They felt endangered country claimed their aid.
As end of eighteen sixty-two draws near, 425
Invasion's swarming hosts again appear.

†Hon. Wm. A. Wright, son of Major-General Ambrose Ransom Wright, lost a leg at the second battle of Manassas, while serving on his father's staff. In a few months he was at the post of danger again and served to the close of hostilities. He has been for many years Comptroller-General of the State of Georgia.

To Fredericksburg they move with steady tramp
And near the heights of Falmouth pitch their
camp.

No needful preparation had they spared
And hoped to find the Southrons unprepared. 430

But o'er the Rappahannock, lo! they see,
Unwelcome sight, the men of Robert Lee.*

At last Burnside prepared the stream to cross,
A task that cost no little time and loss,

The heart of Mississippi swells with pride 435
At story of her sons so true and tried,

Who under Barksdale held their dang'rous post
And hindered long the crossing of the host,
Whose guns from Stafford Heights their lines
assail

And on that one brigade rain iron hail 440
Which smites their ranks and sets the town on
fire

And spreads on ev'ry side destruction dire.

Nine times was Sumner's Grand Division stayed

And Franklin's also was as long delayed.†

When Lee was ready, Barksdale's men withdrew. 445

And lasting fame crowned chief and soldiers true.

Now on the plain Burnside his host arrays

And his proud banners floating high displays.

From bayonets glance the sun's reflected light,
As move the lines of blue in war's stern might. 450

In suits of dust-stained gray Lee's vet'rans wait,

With grim resolve and souls unmoved as fate.

Where Stuart's horse artill'ry pours its fire

On Franklin's lines with aim so sure and dire,

See how the youthful Pelham ‡ grandly leads 455

And stirs each Southern heart to valiant deeds!

Fair Alabama's joy and pride was he,

And oft with honor named by Robert Lee.

As Meade and Gibbon promptly entrance made

*General Burnside, who had succeeded McClellan in command of the Union army, had hoped to seize Fredericksburg before the arrival of Lee's army.

†Brigadier-General Wm. Barksdale's brave fight gave Lee twenty-four hours in which to prepare for the battle and also gave notice of the points of attack.

‡Major John Pelham, of Alabama, a youthful hero, often mentioned in the dispatches for conspicuous gallantry.

Through gap 'twixt Archer's line and Lane's brigade,
ade, 460
Edward L. Thomas quickly checked their move
And Gregg † made brilliant fight, his last to prove.
Then Taliaferro‡ and Early pressed the foe
Who "Stonewall's" might had long since learned
to know.
But Lawton's brave brigade too far pushed on, 465
Led in the dashing charge by Atkinson,
And, when that gallant leader wounded fell,
'Twas Clement Evans, then, who led them well.
But ere their place once more in line they gain,
The valiant Captain Lawton, on the plain, 470
With other heroes in the thickest strife
Gave for the cause beloved his noble life.
Toward the Southern left and Union right
Was of that fateful day the fiercest fight.
How bravely Sumner's Grand Division § came 475
And Hooker's also 'gainst the sheet of flame
That blazed from Southern guns on Marye's Hill
Or from their rifles all the air did fill
With fell destruction's fierce devouring breath
And swept the lines of blue with wounds and
death. 480
Where Kershaw, Ransom, Cobb * the stone wall
held
Six times they charged and were six times
repelled,
Though Cobb with life-blood for his triumph paid
And Colonel Cook of Ransom's brave brigade
Was borne off wounded sore, while hundreds
more 485
Died on the field or scars of battle bore.
The nearest to the Southern lines that came

†Brigadier-General Maxey Gregg, of South Carolina, who was mortally wounded. Edward L. Thomas was one of Georgia's best brigadier-generals.

‡Pronounced *Toliver*. From Taliaferro's and Early's divisions Lawton's, Trimble's and Smith's brigades made a successful charge.

§Burnside had divided his army into three grand divisions, each consisting of two corps, each corps having its proper complement of divisions and brigades.

*The three brigades of T. R. R. Cobb, Kershaw and Ransom held the stone wall against six desperate charges.

Were men who lustre shed on Erin's name.†
 Where'er the sons of Erin had their home,
 To that State's call did they with ardor come; 490
 And none more valiant followed stripes or bars.
 Or died for either 'neath its shining stars.
 How changed the scene of that sad winter night
 From the proud pageant of the morning's light!
 When on the morn of that tremendous day 495
 The sun's bright beams had rolled the mists away,
 Lee's valiant men, who stood on Marye's Hill,
 Felt all their souls with admiration thrill,
 As grandest panorama met their gaze
 That e'er was seen through all the long war's
 days, 500
 As o'er the snow, like burnished silver bright,
 Moved lines of blue, whence steel flashed back the
 light.
 Now pitying darkness covered all the plain
 And with its sable mantle hid the slain.
 Gone was the Fed'ral army's hope so sweet, 505
 As their proud banners drooped in dire defeat.
 Next morn most piteous sounds smote on the ear.
 Where Fed'ral wounded lay the stone wall near.
 Then Richard Kirkland,* brave young soldier
 boy,
 Begged from his chief that he might have the
 joy, 510
 Which comes to him who answers mercy's call.
 Though in so doing he should give his all.
 Sharpshooters of the Union host were near,
 And for the gallant lad his chief did fear
 And would not give consent. Still plead the lad. 515
 Till Kershaw, with a look both proud and sad,
 Said: "Go, my boy, and God defend your life!"
 Gladly he went, his heart with pity rife,
 After few shots foes saw his mission there,
 And then with shouts admiring rent the air. 520
 McLaws,† the leader of the brigades three
 Who held the wall of stone for Robert Lee,

†Meagher's (pronounced *Marr's*) Irish brigade of the Union army left its dead within twenty-five paces of the stone wall.

*A South Carolina sergeant of Kershaw's brigade.

‡Major-General Lafayette McLaws, of Georgia.

Reporting gallant deeds of his command,
Tells of two Georgia boys of that brave band,
Young Johnnie Clark and William Crumley[†] too, 525
Both beardless youths, but ever bold and true.
From boyhood to old age the South's brave sons
Sought post of danger, near the flashing guns.
O'er the now famous Rappahannock's stream
Burnside retired, confirming our fond dream, 530
That the fair starry cross should ever wave
O'er the proud South, which heroes died to save.

From Mississippi and from Tennessee
Came also hope that we should soon be free.
To Fredericksburg * far Chickasaw[†] replied, 535
Where gallant Tennessee with Georgia vied,
And Louisiana matched them in the fight
Won under Stephen Lee for home and right.
The dashing Forrest raided in Grant's rear
And made each Fed'ral outpost quake with fear, 540
While Holly Springs^{||} was seized by brave Van

Dorn,
Who captured stores and men one early morn
And, thwarting Grant's whole plan by this bold
feat,
Compelled that stubborn leader to retreat.

‡Both couriers.

*The Union army at Fredericksburg, Va., numbered on the morning of the battle (Dec. 13, 1862) one hundred and thirteen thousand men and lost in its vain assaults twelve thousand, six hundred and fifty-three. The Confederate army, at and near Fredericksburg on that day, numbered seventy-five thousand men, of whom less than twenty thousand men were engaged in the battle and suffered a total loss of five thousand, three hundred and seventy-seven men.

See Derry's "Story of the Confederate States," pages 211-216; also Official Records.

†The Union army, under Major-General William T. Sherman, at the attack upon Chickasaw Bluff, near Vicksburg, Miss., numbered thirty-three thousand, of whom half were engaged, losing in their bloody repulse one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-six in all. The total strength of the Confederates, at and near Vicksburg at that time, was twenty-five thousand. Of this number, only three thousand were at Chickasaw Bluff and gained a decisive victory over three times their number, losing two hundred and seven men, less than one-eighth of that suffered by the Federals.

|| At Holly Springs, Van Dorn captured two thousand men and destroyed Grant's depot of supplies.

From Murfreesboro Southern shouts arose 545
 As closed the year with onset 'gainst their foes.
 There Cleburne's flag of blue and full-orbed moon
 Triumphant waved from dawn till long past noon.
 Withers, McCown and Cheatham* matched his
 pace

And drove the Fed'rals, who in desp'rate case 550
 Made brave defense this brilliant charge to stay,
 Which with resistless movement swept away
 Davis and Negley with their soldiers stout
 And drove back Sheridan amid the rout.

When on the foll'wing morn did Rosecrans yield 555
 The one point stoutly held upon that field,
 Bragg, deeming now his victory complete,
 To Richmond sent this message glad and sweet:

"A happy New Year God to us hath given!"
 Won was the field for which he'd stoutly striven, 560
 Where Polk and Hardee led each valiant wing,
 That well had fought complete success to bring.
 But disappointment came another day,
 When Breckinridge was worsted in the fray,
 That dashing charge, where Roger Hanson fell, 565
 As had James Rains† 'mid shout of triumph's
 swell.

The South marks high upon her roll of fame
 Of each of these brave chiefs the honored name.
 Hearing of reinforcements to his foes,
 The thought of new attack Bragg now foregoes, 570
 At Murfreesboro waits another day,
 Then with his army moves some miles away,
 And choosing winter-quarters, pitched his camp,
 While trophies rich that bore the Union stamp
 And many thousand captives he could boast, 575
 In battle taken from the Fed'ral host.
 Rosecrans, who'd marched from Nashville to
 attack

§ Major-General Patrick R. Cleburne, of the Confederate army, had for his division a blue flag with a full moon of white in the center.

* Major-Generals John P. McCown and Benjamin Franklin Cheatham were from Tennessee, and Jones M. Withers from Alabama.

† Brigadier General James E. Rains, of Tennessee, was killed in the full tide of Confederate triumph, December 31, 1862, and Brigadier-General Roger W. Hanson, of Kentucky, was killed in Breckinridge's charge, January 2, 1863.

And hoped in rout to drive Bragg's army back,
Had been himself attacked and roughly used,
While his brave army had been so much bruised, 580
That it was forced to lie up for repairs
And wait six months, while new move it prepares.
Yet, when the Fed'ral chief found Bragg had
gone,
He telegraphed good news to Washington;
"God to our arms the victory hath given!" * 585
Each chief, you see, ascribed success to Heaven.
Pity that men, who thus in God believe,
Find not some way this sad world to relieve
By sett'ling diff'rences through law of love,
That dwells in souls who've learned of Him
above. 590

The Southern soldiers to their word are true
And faithful stand, as they who wore the blue,
To the new Union on coercion built,

*The armies of Bragg and Kirby Smith had in the last month of the summer and the first of the fall of 1862 gained two decisive victories in Kentucky, one at Richmond where Smith almost annihilated the opposing force; the other at Mumfordsville where Bragg captured a fort and its garrison of four thousand men, while General Carter L. Stephenson by flank movements recaptured Cumberland Gap from the Union general, George W. Morgan, without a battle. General Buell, having retreated to Louisville, received reinforcements and marched against Bragg, who seeing that the odds were too heavy began to fall back, but at Perryville with sixteen thousand men fell upon the Federal force of twenty-seven thousand and drove one wing for a mile, capturing fifteen cannon, several colors and five hundred prisoners. There came to Buell that evening twenty-seven thousand fresh troops. Bragg by this battle had secured his junction with Kirby Smith. He then retreated at leisure from Kentucky with a rich spoil of thirty-five cannon, sixteen thousand small arms, millions of pounds of ammunition, one thousand, and seven hundred mules, three hundred wagons loaded with military stores, and two thousand horses. Though Bragg and Smith by reason of the heavy odds against them had failed to hold Kentucky, they had recaptured Cumberland Gap and redeemed nearly all of Middle Tennessee and all of North Alabama which Price's indecisive battle at Iuka and his and Van Dorn's failure at Corinth had nevertheless left in Confederate possession.

At Murfreesboro, to which point Rosecrans had advanced from Nashville for the purpose of attacking Bragg and driving him out of Middle Tennessee, he had himself been attacked at daylight of December 31, 1862. The

Though 'gainst such building their best blood was
 spilt.
 Yet one thing we can never understand 595
 And that is how within this Christian land
 Those can be found, whose bosoms swell with
 pride
 For what they should with shame their faces
 hide;
 Not that the slave they freed, but how 'twas done.
 O saddest day it was beneath the sun 600
 When sister States were sundered in fierce strife,
 In which their best and bravest yielded life!
 If holding Africans as slaves was wrong,
 Then to the North did equal guilt belong;
 For from New England sailed the seamen bold, 605
 Who to the South these negroes' sires had sold.
 Full many a fortune in New England made
 Beginning had in this disgraceful trade.
 Against it first Virginia passed strong laws
 And Georgia was the first to form a clause 610
 Which in her constitution made it crime
 To bring in slaves from any foreign clime.

Confederates drove the Union right wing four miles, carrying every point but one, from which Rosecrans retired that night to a stronger position.

On the afternoon of January 2, 1863, Breckinridge with his division made a dashing but unsuccessful assault upon a part of Rosecrans' line. The next day Bragg heard that Rosecrans was being reinforced from Nashville and on the morning of January 4, 1863, retired and went into winter quarters at Tullahoma. Rosecrans remained at Murfreesboro for six months before making another advance.

In the battle of Murfreesboro the Union army numbered forty-three thousand and four hundred men, and lost thirteen thousand, two hundred and forty-nine, of whom three thousand, seven hundred and seventeen were reported captured. The Confederate army numbered thirty-seven thousand, seven hundred and twelve, and lost ten thousand, two hundred and sixty-six, of whom one thousand, and twenty-seven wounded, were left in Murfreesboro and fell into the hands of the enemy. The Confederates captured and carried off thirty cannon, six thousand small arms, and, including men captured and paroled by their cavalry in the rear of the Federal army, took six thousand prisoners during the campaign. The cavalry of General Joseph Wheeler and General Wharton captured and destroyed more than a million dollars worth of military stores and eight hundred wagons in their brilliant circuit of the Union army.

See Derry's "Story of the Confederate States."

Then ten years later Fed'ral law forbade
And scarcely then New England ceased this trade.
Upon the compact which the States had made 615
The right of property in slaves was staid.*
If Northern men no more this pact could bide,
Why should they then their Southern brethren
chide

For claiming right to separate in peace,
That thus they might from strife and discord
cease? 620

Did they e'er say: "If you will free the slave,
We pledge the government the South to save
From any peril that may thus arise,
And right and justice we do so much prize,
That for whate'er of value thus is lost 625

We'll vote from public funds to pay the cost?"
They said not thus; but often did declare
Their purpose fixed a cordon to prepare,
That, tight'ning round the South, would ruin quite
This kind of property, by law of might. 630

If they had right the laws to nullify
And thus could break the compact, tell us why
The Southern States could not depart in peace
And from unequal Union seek release?

In Congress by abuse and sneer and threat 635
Their leaders ever tried the South to fret.

So, when those men had gained the reins of power
Of doom, it seemed, had come the very hour.
The South's secession then they made their plea
For right to set the "rebels'" negroes free. 640

But surely they did ev'ry loss make good
To Southern men who by the Union stood?
If this they ever did, we know not when;
Such act of justice comes not in our ken.
And did through weary years of cruel strife 645
The slave make desolate his master's life

*The Constitution of the United States recognized property in slaves and provided for the return of run-away slaves to their masters. As a compromise between the New England merchants and the planters of South Carolina and Georgia the African slave trade was not to be stopped by the government of the United States until 1808. The other Southern and the Middle States protested against this provision, but all ratified it. Virginia first forbade it and Georgia did so in 1798.

By slaughter of the helpless ones at home?
 "Such ills upon the South would surely come,"
 So* Sumner and Ben Wade and others said:
 "And burning homes the slaves would heap with
 dead, 650
 If e'er in bloody war occasion rose,
 When fields were ravaged by invading foes
 Or mighty armies thundered at our gates;
 And on the South would justly fall such fates."
 Not so did they, but by their masters stood 655
 And helped them their defense to long make good
 By working fields and raising food supplies,
 In which the strength of ev'ry army lies.
 The master's home they guarded true and well
 And safely did its honored inmates dwell. 660
 The Southern lady walked where'er she would,
 As safe as if a queen 'mid guards she stood.
 Her life and honor ev'ry slave did prize,
 As if a goddess moved before his eyes.
 The mistress' children were the "mammy's"†
 pride, 665
 Who for these cherished treasures would have
 died.
 And men with masters went to war's dread field
 Where faithful service they did ever yield.
 Were master sick or wounded, none more true
 Stood anxious there to do what man could do; 670
 And, if by battle or disease he died,
 Then homeward with the dead the servant hied
 To lay him with his kindred down to rest,
 To sweetly sleep on Mother State's fond breast.
 Hundreds of slaves to war with masters went, 675
 And to serve well their ev'ry effort bent.
 Full many a chance these had to go away,
 But faithful served until the war's last day,
 By Lincoln's proclamation † were not turned.
 And to prove false to master ever spurned. 680

* Charles Sumner was a noted Republican of Massachusetts, and Ben Wade was a leader of the same party in Ohio.

† The Southern children were taught to call the old negro women "mammy."

‡ These thoughts were suggested by the fact that on January 1, 1863, President Lincoln issued his Emancipation proclamation.

When to defame the South foul slander tries,
This record all their calumnies belies.

For yet awhile rolled on the South's full tide,
As though with her would vict'ry aye abide,
Magruder thrilled the land with stirring news, 685
Which into ev'ry breast did hope infuse.

With two frail boats by Texas horsemen manned,
With Leon Smith a daring feat he planned;
Then with success assailed a Fed'ral fleet
While land force made their victory complete. 690

For Galveston recovered was their prize *
And captured Harriet Lane made glad their eyes,
While wreckage of the Westfield strewed the wave
And Union fleet sped off itself to save.

Magruder's name was now on ev'ry tongue 695
And praise of his brave men was proudly sung.

The Hatteras next to Semmes † her colors struck,
And O. M. Watkins ‡ had the brave man's luck,
When, with a heart resolved to do or die,
He made two Fed'ral vessels seaward fly, 700

Pursued and captured both with richest store,
And guns and prisoners as trophies bore.
Such brilliant triumphs keep us well at ease,
When Fed'ral arms one prize of vict'ry seize,

And make us hope for luck another day, 705
And in our disappointment calmly say

At news of loss at Post of Arkansas: ||

"Well, such must sometimes be the fate of war."

Our steadfast hope is prompt to cheer us still,
As tidings of success our bosoms thrill, 710

*The great victory of Major-General John B. Magruder gained by his army and an improvised fleet of two frail steamboats under Captain Leon Smith, January 1, 1863, not only recovered Galveston and broke for a time the blockade of the Texan coast, but saved Texas from invasion.

†Commodore Raphael Semmes, a Marylander by birth, but a citizen of Alabama, captured the Hatteras January 11, 1863.

‡O. M. Watkins with two Confederate gunboats chased out to sea and captured a Federal gunboat and schooner with thirteen cannon, one hundred and twenty-nine prisoners and one million dollars' worth of military supplies, January 21, 1863, near Sabine Pass.

|| At this post General John McClelland with thirty thousand men and Porter's fleet captured five thousand Confederates and seventeen cannon and large quantities of supplies.

While vict'ry wreathes fair Charleston's brow with
fame

Like that which makes renowned proud Rich-
mond's name.

The gallant men in army and in fleet,
Who did for her defense in concert meet,
Were cheered by former triumphs on the land, 715
When at Secessionville * successful stand
And fortune kind at Pocotaligo †

Had hurled in flight their strong and gallant foe.
A skillful strategem gave Ripley fame
And linked with his Lieutenant Yates's name, 720
What time the Isaac Smith ‡ with crew and guns
Hauled down her flag to Carolina's sons.

In council Beauregard and Ingrah'm meet
And launch a bolt against the Union fleet,
When the Palmetto State ere break of day 725

With the Chicora chased the ships away,
As Rutledge sealed the Mercidita's fate
And Tucker captive made the Keystone State. ||
But now for Charleston's capture proudly meet
Nine ironclads, a new and mighty fleet, 730

Whose onset, thought the foe, no fort could stand.
But valiant men for home and native land
Add strength invincible to each strong fort
That, like grim sentinel, guards Charleston's port.
How grandly come the iron ships in line! 735

Rarely hath eye beheld a scene so fine.
Weehawken and Passaic skim the wave,
Patapsco and Montauk sail on as brave.

Next comes the flag ship, stout New Ironsides,
Upon whose deck DuPont, the leader, rides. 740

The Catskill and Nantucket next appear,
With Keokuk and Nahant steaming near.
The "Batt'ry," Charleston's lovely promenade,
Was thronged with crowds who eager stood and
sad,

* Fought June 16, 1862.

† October 22, 1862.

‡ Captured by the Confederates, January, 1863.

|| This brilliant victory by which the Union fleet was for a time dispersed, occurred January 31st, 1863. The Mercidita was sunk. The Keystone State, after lowering her flag in token of surrender, when the Chicora had passed her in pursuit of the other ships, raised her colors again and escaped.

And from each housetop that afforded view 745
What anxious eyes peered o'er the waters blue!
With palpitating hearts they breathed a prayer
For loved ones in the forts just over there,
Who, as they gaze toward the dear old town,
Stand for a moment with their heads bowed down 750
And lift their hearts in prayer to God above,
To guard and save the homes they so much love.
And, as they see from hostile fleet now float
That flag of which so proudly Key once wrote,
When he beheld it wave o'er patriot arms 755
That saved fair Baltimore from war's alarms,
How many think of that sweet prayer for those
Who stand 'twixt home and fierce invading foes;
"O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and war's desolation!" 760
The thought new ardor to each hero gives
Who'll do his duty, if he dies or lives.
The brave men on the fleet those words forget,
But in their ears this line is ringing yet:
"The power that hath made and preserved us a
nation." 765
Each side fought bravely for its view of right;
But, long ere fell the dark'ning shades of night,
The fleet from its disastrous fight withdrew,
And Vict'ry crowned the South's defenders true.*
Proud Fort McAllister on Georgia's coast 770
Could over ironclads three triumphs boast,
With few men lost on sep'rate days of strife,
Though 'mongst these Major Gallie gave his life.
Turn now, my Muse, to Old Virginia's shore,
And tell of Lee's and Jackson's deeds once more. 775
With what proud thoughts thy name, O Chance'-
lorsville,
Doth always ev'ry Southern bosom thrill!
There Hooker, whom his men styled "Fighting
Joe,"
Beheld his pride and confidence brought low.
When he had crossed the Rappahannock's stream, 780
Of certain triumph did he fondly dream;
On Lee's front Sedgwick, on his flank four corps,
While Stoneman to the rear his horsemen pours.

* The battle of Charleston Harbor occurred April 7th, 1863.

Some cause had Hooker for his haughty boast
 That he had now entrapped the Southern host. 785
 Who would most certainly be forced to fly,
 Or, if 'gainst whelming odds to stand they try,
 Must with destruction dire most surely meet,
 From which no help can save, however fleet.
 But power was given to Jackson and to Lee 790
 From all these toils to bring their army free;
 Not, as Joe Hooker thought, by shameful flight,
 But by a wondrous and successful fight.
 Though Longstreet, Hood and Pickett were
 away,*
 Lee did not doubt, nor even stand at bay. 795
 Barksdale's brigade he left on Marye's Hill,
 To hold that post of former glory still;
 And Pendleton's artill'ry there remained,
 By Early's brave division well sustained,
 'Gainst Sedgwick's odds they were to watch or
 fight, 800
 And hold them back from falling on Lee's right,
 As that undaunted chief for Hooker went,
 With mind on gallant onset wholly bent.
 Rans. Wright's† brigade could ne'er that night
 forget;
 How the downpouring rain the ground had wet, 805
 And how the mud and darkness blocked their way,
 As toiling on they marched till light of day,
 Which marked beginning of the noble fight
 That they then made for home and country's right.
 And thousands more could like experience tell, 810
 Whom equal hardships on this tramp befell,
 As Anderson,‡ McLaws and Jackson bold
 Marched to great deeds, which thrill wherever told.
 As valiant men of Sykes they backward bore,
 Hooker sent Couch with many thousands more, 815
 To whom Hancock and Warren rendered aid,
 As Lee's advancing lines fierce onset made.
 Hooker astounded thought: "What! Lee not
 run?
 Some unexpected thing must have been done.

* In southern Virginia and northern North Carolina.

† Brigadier-General Ambrose Ransom Wright of Georgia.

‡ Major-General R. H. Anderson, of South Carolina, and Major-General LaFayette McLaws, of Georgia.

To him new thousands must have surely come, 820
Of whom my forces equal not the sum."
Alarmed he left his vantage rising ground,
Which Lee with frowning cannon quickly crowned.
The unexpected thing was Lee's attack,
Which caused astonished Hooker to fall back. 825
A council Lee and Jackson held that night,
And wisely planned that splendid march and fight,
Of "Stonewall's" deeds the greatest and the last,
Eclipsing all our future and his past.†
All day Lee holds the foe's great odds in check, 830
Who of the threat'ning ruin little reck.
When his intended point had Jackson gained,
He there with Fitzhugh Lee such view obtained,
As gave assurance that the time had come
To form his lines and then with might strike home. 835
Rodes in the front and Colston next he placed,
And then for A. P. Hill the third line traced.
One skirmish line had Blackford at its head,
And chosen riflemen Ed. Willis led:
Brave men these latter were from Doles' Brigade, 840
By whom the op'ning battle should be made.
"Rodes, are you ready?" was the eager word
Which down the line from Jackson's lips was
heard.
"Yes, sir!" said Rodes, quite eager for the fray.
"Go forward, then!" the men heard Jackson say. 845
A silver bow of promise spanned the sky,
As Jackson promptly bade war's thunders fly.
From right to left the stirring bugles sound
And tramp of charging columns snakes the
ground.
Louder and louder swells the battle-cry; 850
The widely-echoing forest makes reply.
The frightened game from out their coverts spring
And fly at sound of war's discordant ring.
Then Howard's corps, all taken by surprise,
Is panic-stricken and in terror flies, 855
While Stuart's horse artill'ry pours forth flame
From six bright guns which often had won fame
Under the lead of youth with major's rank.

†The battle of Chancellorsville was the most remarkable of all the wonderful victories of the Army of Northern Virginia.

"You ought to have a Pelham on each flank,"
 At Fredericksburg had Lee to Jackson said. 860
 Alas! That boy artill'rist now was dead!
 Short while before near Rappahannock's stream
 A fatal ball had closed his young life's dream.
 His men and guns, howe'er, were in this fray,
 And for their chief dread vengeance took this day. 865
 In front with infantry they kept their pace
 Abreast with foremost in the headlong chase.
 At Dowdall's they by Carter were relieved,
 And—wonderful it is to be believed—
 They'd marched and fought for eight and twenty
 hours, 870
 Nor man nor horse had food to aid their powers.*
 No wonder Jackson praised them then and there.
 Who thus for native land could all things bear.
 Jackson's brave men pressed on till close of day,
 And naught availed their onward rush to stay. 875
 Line after line they drove in utter rout
 And onward pushed with cheer and joyous shout.
 At dark was Jackson wounded through mistake
 By men who would have died for his dear sake.
 His last command, which showed his care pro-
 found, 880
 Was, "Gen'ral Pender, you must hold your
 ground."
 Jeb. Stuart Jackson's men the next day led,
 Conspicuous by dark plume above his head,
 Singing while riding with the charging lines,
 And waving blade from which the sunlight shines: 885
 "Old Joe Hooker, will you get out of the Wilder-
 ness?
 Out of the Wilderness, out of the Wilderness?"
 McLaws and Anderson afforded aid;
 Heth, Posey, Doles and Pender battle made,
 And Wofford, Semmes and Wright proud honors
 share,† 890

*Only these six cannon of Stuart's horse artillery were used in Jackson's charging column. But Jackson had Breathed's and McGregor's batteries following on the pike and keeping pace with the front line; also Moorman's guns. The artillery battalions of Lt -Col. Thos. H. Carter and Crutch field were a short distance in the rear.

†Together they made large captures of prisoners.

While shouts exultant ring through all the air,
As from the Wilderness the lines emerge
And after fleeing foe impetuous surge;
And now, as in their midst loved Lee appears,
One long, unbroken shout his presence cheers, 895
While e'en the wounded give their aid to swell
The mighty, soul-inspiring Southern yell.
Each triumph though must tempered be with grief
For many a noble man and gallant chief,
Paxton,* who led the old "Stonewall Brigade," 900
Which on that day a brilliant record made,
In vict'ry's arms with other heroes fell
And after life's fierce conflict rested well.
News came to Lee from Wilcox † on that day,
How Barksdale to great odds had given way 905
And that the foe now stood on Marye's Hill,
Though Early hindered Sedgwick's movement still.
McLaws was promptly sent Wilcox to aid,
And they at Salem church an onset made
That forced the gallant Sedgwick to fall back. 910
Now adding Anderson Lee makes attack
And Early on the Fed'ral rear appears,
Just after Gordon's men with ringing cheers
Had charging swept the foe from Marye's Hill,
While Evans' boys were first the works to fill. 915
The only Fed'ral chief on that broad field
Who'd neared success was now compelled to yield.
Back o'er the Rappahannock Sedgwick went
And then 'gainst Hooker all Lee's power was bent.
But Hooker slipped away on stormy night 920
And thus his army saved by timely flight.
With joy and praise each Southern heart was filled
By triumph o'er such whelming numbers thrilled.
But into mourning all the joy was turned,
When saddest tidings through the land were
learned. 925
For Lee's "Right Arm" ‡ from our defense was
torn,
And at his bier a nation wept forlorn.
Our Jackson's soul had crossed the narrow stream,

*Brigadier-General E. F. Paxton, of Virginia.

†Brigadier-General Cadmus M. Wilcox promoted to Major-General soon after Gettysburg.

‡Lee called Jackson his "right arm."

Made bright to him by faith's inspiring beam,
 And bathed in life eternal's balmy breeze 930
 Found rest beneath the shadow of the trees.*

But, though disconsolate our Southland wept,
 Not on past laurels our brave leaders slept.†
 The tide of Southern triumph tow'rd the sky
 Along our eastern border mounted high, 935
 As Stuart hurled the foe at Fleetwood‡ back,
 Where Hampton's stout brigade made flank attack
 And the Cobb Legion led by bold Pierce Young
 Did mighty acts as poets e'er have sung,
 And South Carolina's horsemen under Black 940
 For honors just as noble did not lack,
 While Phillips' Legion bore as gallant part,
 And Fitzhugh Lee's Virginians of stout heart
 Equaled the best, as they ne'er failed to do.
 Now higher rolls the tide, as Ewell true 945
 Sweeps through the Valley of the Shenandoah
 And bids his banners proudly Northward soar.
 Now Martinsburg is freed from foes once more
 By Rodes with Daniel, Iverson and Doies,
 And Ramseur and O'Neal, all valiant souls, 950
 While Jenkins with his horsemen gives prompt aid.
 Early and Johnson march resistless made
 And by their unexpected onward rush
 From Winchester did quickly foemen brush,
 As Hays in dashing onset seized a fort 955

*Jackson's last words were: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

†According to the official records the Union army in the Chancellorsville campaign numbered one hundred and thirty-two thousand effective troops. Its losses were one thousand, six hundred and six killed, nine thousand, seven hundred and sixty-two wounded, five thousand, nine hundred and nineteen captured or missing—seventeen thousand, two hundred and eighty-seven.

The Confederate army numbered a little less than sixty thousand. Its losses were one thousand, six hundred and forty-nine killed, nine thousand, one hundred and six wounded, one thousand, seven hundred and eight captured or missing—twelve thousand, four hundred and sixty-three.

Besides those captured in battle from the Union army thousands of wounded fell into the hands of the Confederates, who also captured thirteen cannon and twenty thousand small arms.

‡Also known as Brandy Station.

With Smith's and Hoke's brigades in close
support,
And Gordon's men another brave charge led,
Where, as the foe before their onset fled,
Captain John Milledge bore a flag away;
And other trophies of that glorious day 960
Were won by Edward Johnson's brave command,
Stewart and Williams prompt to lend a hand,
James Walker,* with the old Stonewall Brigade,
And men of Jones to give their timely aid,
Four thousand Fed'rals then laid down their arms, 965
While richest prize each valiant Southron charms,
As rests his gaze on captured guns and stores,
And Vict'ry's joyous pæan skyward soars.
Nor did the South's high rolling battle wave
Cease in its onward rush so strong and brave, 970
Till it had mounted Gettysburg's steep crest,
Where fell so many of the Southland's best.
With these great triumphs of his noble corps
O'er the Potomac Ewell sweeps once more;
Then through fair Maryland his legions tramp 975
And soon in Pennsylvania pitch their camp.
Johnson and Rodes pressed onward to Carlisle,
And Early forward marched to York the while.
This northward move of Ewell's gallant corps
Filled countless Northern hearts with terrors sore. 980
The dread of them e'en Philadelphia shakes,
And far New York with dire forebodings quakes.
Stores and supplies they gathered as they moved,
But true to Lee's strict orders ever proved.
No harm or insult citizens receive, 985
And, that these troops are foes, can scarce believe.
The grass-clad hills and fertile valleys smile
And bask, as though in peace profound, the while
That farmers safely drive their teams afield
And peaceful gather nature's bounteous yield. 990
The cattle all unharmed the pastures graze,

*The brigade commanders here named are Junius Daniel, Alfred Iverson (son of Senator Iverson of Georgia), George Doles, Stephen D. Ramseur, Colonel Edward A. O'Neal, Albert G. Jenkins (commanding a cavalry brigade), Harry Hays, Wm. Smith, Robert F. Hoke, George H. Steuart, Col. J. M. Williams (commanding Nicholl's Brigade) and Brigadier-General James A. Walker of Virginia.

And women, men and children in amaze
 See these grim, war-worn vet'rans tramp along,
 Sometimes with merry jest or lively song,
 But ever with that mien where one can trace 995
 The courteous manners of a well-bred race.
 Although for vengeance they had many a chance,
 No plundered fields or homes marked their ad-
 vance.

Virginia's wrongs had vexed their spirits sore
 And on the Georgia coast, short while before, 1000
 The town of Darien by fire destroyed*,
 And citizens by plund'ring raids annoyed,
 Had given ample cause to vent their rage;
 Yet Lee's grand orders did their wrath assuage.
 To Wrightsville on the Susquehannah's banks 1005
 Gordon† advanced with his well-ordered ranks,
 Where bridge by Fed'ral horsemen fired they
 found

Whose flames were spreading ruin dire around,
 Their prompt and active aid the Georgians gave
 And helped the citizens their town to save. 1010
 From this advance to Gettysburg called back
 They came in time to aid the bold attack,
 Where A. P. Hill with Pender and with Heth
 Was striving hard to win the victor's wreath.
 As Hill's strong battle reached its fiercest
 height, 1015

Brave Reynolds fell in thickest of the fight;
 And, as this noble leader pressed the plain
 Where of his boys in blue were many slain,
 Early and Rodes fell on their far right wing
 And with a mighty and resistless swing 1020
 Pushed onward o'er the well-contested field
 And forced their stubborn foes the ground to
 yield.

In vain did gallant Barlow, flag in hand,
 Try with his men to make successful stand:
 For Gordon hurled his heroes on their flank, 1025
 As, hat in hand, he rode with foremost rank
 On ebon steed, whose proudly arching neck
 In black mane clothed obeyed his rider's beck,

* On June 11, 1863, a marauding expedition had burned the town of Darien on the Georgia coast.

† Brigadier-General John B. Gordon of Georgia.

As matchless in the charge the chieftain led
His line of gray that like the lightning sped, . 1030
And, when the gallant Barlow wounded fell,
Bursting with awful crash and thund'rous yell
Broke every effort at resistance down
While Hill and Ewell swept on through the town,
Five thousand prisoners with flags and guns 1035
Crowned this day's triumph of the Southland's
sons.

The crest beyond the routed foe now saves,
While over Gettysburg the blue cross waves.
Next afternoon Lee tried that crest to scale;
The Southrons partly win and partly fail. 1040
Longstreet smote Sickles' corps with heavy stroke
'Neath which the foe first wavered and then
broke,

And their commander with a desp'rate wound
Was borne away, as they were yielding ground.
Hood's stalwart form went down, as on he
rushed, 1045

But his brave men the foemen backward brushed
And seized the Little Round Top's wooded base,
Though frowning batteries upon its face
Stayed further progress up its rugged side.
Then with the onward rolling battle-tide 1050
McLaws pressed up and made a partial gain
While Anderson his combat urged amain.
There fell Barksdale with Pender and with
Semmes,

In crown of Lee's proud army three bright gems.
Wilcox and Perry steady forward go 1055
And in fierce combat press upon the foe.
The men of that grand soldier, Ransom Wright,[†]
In whose hearts dwell fair pearl of valor bright,
Cross fire-swept plain to Emmetsburg's turnpike,
Drive skirmishers and battle-line alike, 1060
Seize there the guns, then from a strong stone
wall

Drive them again and quickly rush o'er all;
Next mount the crest of Cemetery Hill
And gorge beyond with routed foemen fill.
The key to all Meade's line they'd bravely won 1065

[†] Brigadier-General A. R. Wright, of Georgia, afterwards
major-general.

And with supports the work had then been done;
 But none appear, and strong converging line
 Upon each flank and one to rear incline.
 Leaving their prize of twenty guns they turn
 And, though with disappointment all hearts
 burn, 1070

They hold those lines of thronging foes at bay
 And, spite of heavy loss, cut out their way
 Next Hays' and Hoke's brigades along their front
 Sweep o'er the crest 'mid fiercest battle's brunt,
 Drive back the foe on Cemetery Hill, 1075
 Seize flags and guns and feel the victor's thrill.
 Lacking support they too are forced to yield
 The ground they've won upon that hard fought
 field.

Ed. Johnson gained success o'er Union right
 And held the captured works throughout the
 night. 1080

Here far in war's stern front George Steuart led,
 Where sons of Maryland for Dixie bled.
 Enough success the Southrons this day gain
 To make them hope still greater to obtain.
 Advanced positions for their guns they'd won 1085
 And, when the strong work of the day was done,
 The Round Top's bases and the Devil's Den
 With thousands of the wounded Union men
 And pris'ners, flags and cannon they could show,
 Which as the signs of triumph soldiers know. 1090
 From what was done it seemed there was but need
 For winning victory complete indeed,
 That all should act in concert; and so Lee,
 Believing that such concert there could be,
 Resolved to make one gallant effort more 1095
 To win as he had often done before,
 E'en when with odds against him greater far
 He had but lately waged successful war.*
 Oh, for his strong "Right Arm," our Southland's
 boast,

* At Chancellorsville the Federal army numbered one hundred and thirty-two thousand. and the Confederate army less than sixty thousand. Yet Lee attacked Hooker behind strong breastworks and defeated him, winning a victory that was miraculous. At Gettysburg the Confederate army numbered nearly eighty thousand, and the Union army actually engaged, very little short of one hundred thousand.

Once dreaded thunderbolt of that proud host! 1100
One hundred five and forty guns were massed
To aid the charging force as on it passed.
The cannoneers from many a fair State there
To do war's dreadful work with zeal prepare;
The Washington of New Orleans, so true 1105
And Georgia's Troup, Pulaski, Sumter too,
While Maryland by good Virginia stands
And both the Carolinas join their hands
With Alabama, Mississippi near.
All silent wait, till signal gun they hear. 1110
And now th' assaulting column Longstreet forms;
Pickett with men who'll face the fiercest storms,
Heth's * strong division under Pettigrew.
Trimble ‡ with Scales' and Lane's brave boys and
true,
And stout brigade of Wilcox, || ready all, 1115
To onward move at stirring bugle-call.
Now Southern cannon shake the solid ground
And with their fire search crest and gorge pro-
found,
Dismounting guns and scatt'ring ruin vast
With wounds and death where'er their fierce bolts
passed. 1120
Over the ridge behind which they had formed,
While their artill'ry 'gainst the strong heights
stormed,
The charging column by bold Pickett led
Marched down the slope with firm and gallant
tread.
A thrill of admiration through their foes, 1125
Who stand on yon stern heights, unbidden goes.
Then, as those valiant heroes upward pressed
With firm resolve to seize that frowning crest,
Their fiery throats the Northern cannon ope
And sweep the ground along the blood-stained
slope. 1130
Though like the leaves in tempest-smitten vale

* Major-General Henry Heth had been wounded in the fighting of the previous day, and Brigadier-General J. Johnston Pettigrew commanded the division.

‡ Major-General Isaac R. Trimble, whose brigade commanders were Alfred M. Scales and James H. Lane.

|| Brigadier-General Cadmus M. Wilcox.

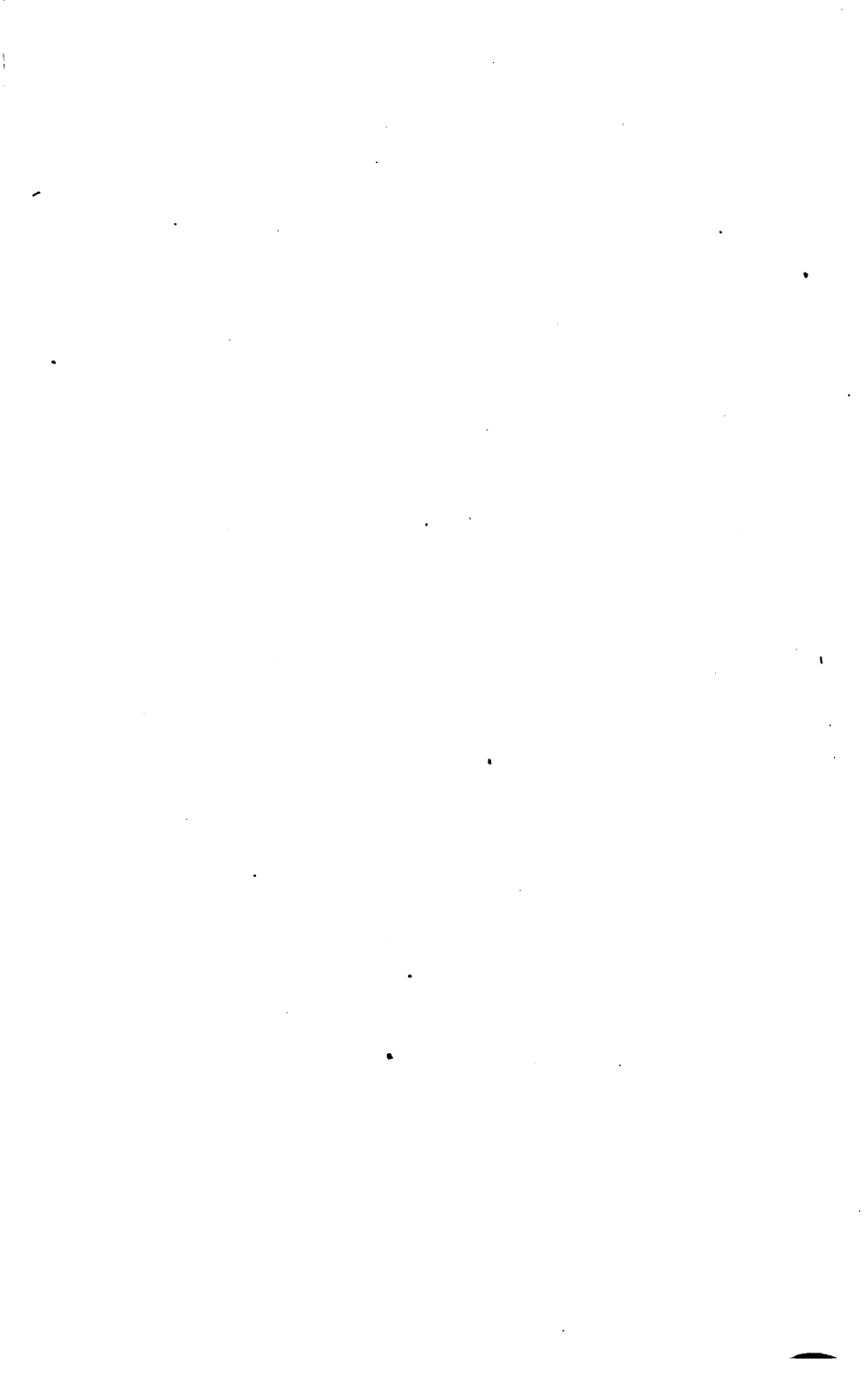
The brave men fall beneath that leaden hail,
The ranks close up and tow'rd the heights press
on;

Heroic men! from whom all fear has gone.
The vivid lightnings flash, the thunders roar, 1135
But 'mid the smoke the South's proud banners
soar.

By fair Virginia moves bold Tennessee,
As on they charge to set the Southland free.
They reach the crest, they pass the strong stone
wall

And seem that moment to have mastered all, 1140
As through the Fed'ral line they onward keep,
Retreating foes before their onset sweep,
Over the captured guns their banners wave
And shout exultant o'er their triumph brave.
The Southern battle-wave has reached high tide! 1145
Ah! will the vict'ry with our arms abide?

For all these events, see Derry's "Story of the Confederate States"; also Official Records.





CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.
The Southern Battle Wave has Reached High Tide.

BOOK IV.

With Ebb of Tide the South's Fond Hopes Now Wane.

One moment of brief triumph mounted high
The Southern battle-wave toward the sky;
Then threat'ning stands; then slowly backward
 rolls,
While bitter disappointment shakes our souls.
But ne'er did glorious Lee appear so grand, 5
As when 'mid broken troops he took his stand
And, with a mien unmoved and steady eye,
Spake words encouraging as they drew nigh;
"'Tis I, my boys, 'tis I who've lost this fight,
But rally here for home and country's right." 10
They hear his voice; with cheers his word obey;
They halt and form a counter-charge to stay,
And with brave hearts and bold unbroken front
They proudly stand to bear new battle's brunt.
Though still in death on yonder blood-stained
 height 15
Lay many comrades dauntless in the fight,
'Mongst whom their chieftains, Richard Garnett
 brave,
And Armistead had died the cause to save,
And gallant Kemper too was wounded sore,
Three noble chiefs from Pickett's list of four,* 20
Yet, as their ground they firmly stand to hold,
Lee, seeing now his army's spirit bold,
Knows that he can upon his men rely
And beat the foe, if they his lines should try.
The counter-charge came not; for Fed'ral host 25

*Viz.: Brigadier-General Richard B. Garnett, Brigadier-General Lewis A. Armistead, Brigadier-General James L. Kemper and Major-General George E. Pickett, commander of the division, who had three brigades in his division, and led three divisions in this charge.

In holding those strong heights had done its
most.

Only the gallant Farnsworth† effort made,
But with his life for daring ride he paid.
Near thirty hours Lee in Meade's front remained,
But Northern chieftain from attack refrained. 30
When Lee retired, Meade followed far behind,
For caution suited best his careful mind;
And, when the swollen river blocked Lee's way,
E'en then Meade kept his army from the fray
And fortified, lest Lee should make attack 35
And in confusion drive his forces back.
On this retreat the wagoners‡ brave fight
Upon the Southern arms shed lustre bright.
Call Gettysburg a Southern Waterloo?
He who speaks thus is to the facts untrue. 40
At Waterloo Napoleon's army fled
Like men within whose souls all hope was dead,
And with her fallen chief France prostrate lay
Nor under him e'er fought another day.
But Lee's proud army lifted high its crest, 45
As when of triumph's fruits it reaped the best,*
And later, when Lee 'gainst th' invaders led,

† Brigadier-General Elon J. Farnsworth, a cavalry officer of Meade's army.

‡ On July 6th. as General Imboden was moving back to the Potomac, guarding four thousand Federal prisoners and Lee's wagon train, he was informed of the approach of seven thousand Federal cavalry under Buford and Kilpatrick. He increased his force of ~~twenty-one thousand~~ 29,120, including eight cannon of the Washington Artillery battalion of New Orleans, under Major Eshelman, by forming his seven hundred wagoners into seven companies under wounded line officers, commissaries and quartermasters, and held the enemy in check until Stuart and Fitz Lee came up and drove them off.

* At Gettysburg the Federal army actively engaged numbered ninety-three thousand, and lost three thousand and seventy-two killed, fourteen thousand four hundred and ninety-seven wounded, and five thousand four hundred and thirty-four captured—twenty-three thousand and three. The Confederate army numbered seventy thousand and lost two thousand five hundred and ninety-two killed, twelve thousand seven hundred and nine wounded, and five thousand one hundred and fifty captured.

See Derry's "Story of the Confederate States," published by B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.; also Official Records; also Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, page 440 of Vol. III.

Meade in retreat before his movement fled.†
For one and twenty months Lee's army grand
Still held its own for home and native land; 50
Kept Grant's tremendous odds so long at bay
And proudly won on many a field the day;
O'er the Potomac sent again one corps,
Which vict'ry gained beyond our bounds once
more
And bore the starry cross in triumph on 55
Into the edge of frightened Washington.‡
Till at all other points the cause was lost,
Lee's army counting not the fearful cost,
Guarding the record proud of that grand host,
In old Virginia firmly held its post. 60
Though sad to Southern hearts the fates which
spoil
The plan to conquer peace on Northern soil,
Yet from the West the saddest tidings came,
And Southern hearts grew faint at Vicksburg's
name.
On the "Héroic City" * off in vain 65
War's fiercest storm had poured its fiery rain.
At last along fair Louisiana's side
Grant's army to the southward swiftly hied,
While past our batteries his transports swept
And to Grand Gulf in safety onward kept. 70
Grant at Port Gibson Bowen || first assailed

† In October, when Lee had sent a large part of his first corps, under Longstreet, to the West, and Meade had sent to the help of the army defeated at Chickamauga the corps of Howard and Hooker, General Lee moved against Meade, who fell back steadily before his advance.

‡ After Lee had defeated Grant in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania and inflicted a crushing blow at Cold Harbor, he sent Early to defeat Hunter's expedition, and Hampton to thwart Sheridan, both of whom were successful. Early then crossed the Potomac, won a great victory at Monocacy and marched into the very suburbs of Washington, giving the whole North such a fright as it experienced at no other period of the war.

See Derry's "Story of the Confederate States"; also Official Records.

* A nickname of Vicksburg.

|| Major-General John S. Bowen, born in Georgia, but at this time a citizen of Missouri. He died shortly after the siege of Vicksburg from sickness contracted during the siege.

And by o'erwhelming odds at length prevailed,
Though long his mighty power our chief with-
stood

And our brave boys did all that true men could.
On that to Southern arms disastrous day, 75
As Edward Tracy[‡] stood to bar the way,
He fell at head of Alabama's sons

And thence to Georgia borne, 'mid honored ones
Found in the "Central City" peaceful rest,
Where sleep so many of fair Macon's best. 80

At Raymond then Grant made a strong attack,
Where Gregg^{||} and his brave boys were driven
back.

Next troops of Pemberton were put to rout,
But after gallant stand so bold and stout
That still the Southland's bosom swells with
pride 85

For sons at Champion Hill who fought or died.
Here Tilghman* for his country yielded life
And Skidmore Harris[†] fell in fiercest strife.
Aroused by cannon's boom from his sick bed
His brave command to battle Watkins** led 90

And in the fray received a serious wound,
As did McConnell[‡] holding fast his ground;
And Abda Johnson,[¶] though this day too ill
The duties of a colonel to fulfill,
Was on the field to cheer his brave command, 95
To battle led by Robert Young's strong hand.
There Captain Henry Osborne[°] held his boys
'Mid dangers thick'ning fast in steady poise,

[‡] Brigadier-General Edward Tracy, a native of Georgia, who commanded troops from Alabama.

^{||} Brigadier-General John Gregg, commanding troops of Tennessee and Texas.

* Brigadier-General Lloyd Tilghman, of Maryland, commanding troops of Mississippi.

[†] Colonel of the Forty-third Georgia.

** E. P. Watkins, colonel of the Fifty-sixth Georgia.

[‡] J. T. McConnell, colonel of the Thirty-ninth Georgia.

[¶] Colonel of the Fortieth Georgia, of which regiment Robert M. Young was lieutenant-colonel.

[°] Captain Henry Prentiss Osborne, brother-in-law of the author, a native of Milledgeville, Ga., and a resident of Augusta Ga., where he died a few days after reaching home a paroled prisoner from Vicksburg.

And to his skill and valor on this field
Unstinted praise did Gen'ral Cumming yield. 100
Though less than twenty-one, as gallant knight
As ever belted sword to 'fend the right,
Through the long seige 'mid hardships manifold,
Though sorely ill, with spirit true and bold
He kept his post until the end had come; 105
Then sank to rest amid the loved at home.
To him Augusta highest honors paid,
When in her breast this cherished son she laid.
The host which had been beaten in detail
And with divided bands could not prevail, 110
When massed in one, the erstwhile victors meets
And gives Grant in succession two defeats.*
But mighty fleet and army hem them round
And a relieving force is nowhere found.
Ah! where was now the good ship Arkansas 115
That once had waged 'gainst odds successful war?
Why comes she not again the town to save?
Long months before she'd sunk beneath the wave,
When with disabled engines sent afloat†
With not a soul to man the gallant boat, 120
Whose shotted guns were fired by rising flame,
She found a death most worthy of her fame,
As drifting tow'rd the foe her cannons boom
And with their rolling thunders threaten doom,

* On the 19th day of May, 1863, only three days after the defeat of the Confederates at Champion Hill, and two days after the rout of a part of their force at the Big Black, General Grant assaulted the Confederates in front of Vicksburg and was repulsed. On May 22, with all his forces up and ably led by Sherman, McClernand and McPherson, Grant made another vigorous assault and met with a very bloody repulse.

† Captain Isaac Brown, already mentioned in the second book of this poem for his gallant feat of running the gauntlet of a large federal fleet, was sick at the time when General Van Dorn insisted upon sending the Arkansas to assist the Confederates under Breckinridge in an attack on Baton Rouge. Captain Brown protested against sending the Arkansas upon any enterprise until her machinery could be repaired. She was sent, however, under Lieutenant J. K. Stevens, who, when her engines gave out, moored her to the shore. Finding that the Union fleet was about to attack the Arkansas in her disabled condition, he had all the guns loaded, sent the crew ashore, set the ship on fire and made his escape. The ship floated toward the enemy, the flames firing her guns until she was destroyed by the explosion of her magazine.

While proud her banners wave o'er gallant fight 125
Which without crew she makes for Southern
right.

Of wat'ry grave the brave ship little recks,
So long as hostile foot ne'er treads her decks.
Grant pressed the siege against the gallant town
Where many a noble man and chief went down. 130
Missouri sadly wept for Martin Green*

And her dead sons who near his side were seen,
And Arkansas joined in her bitter grief
For valiant sons who died to bring relief
To the brave people, who their perils share 135

And all the horrors of the dread seige dared.
How dull to danger human hearts can be
When battle's furious storm they daily see!
Outside the doors of bomb-proofs 'neath the
ground,

Women and children recreation found, 140
Watching the bursting shells high up in air
'Mid the bombardment's perilous red glare;
And, when in war's fierce tempest lulls occurred.
Forth to make visits, from their bomb-proofs
stirred.

Sallies at times from the beleaguered line 145
Broke the dull round of mine and counter-mine.
Bold Tennessee and Georgia side by side
In deeds of valor with each other vied,
As Guyton† charged along Hall's Ferry road,
Or in bold reconnoissance Curtis‡ showed 150
That foemen also need to be alert,
If from their lines quick dashes they'd avert;
And the brave Texans under Thomas Waul||
Performed great deeds that won the praise of all.

* Brigadier-General Martin D. Green, commanding Missouri and Arkansas troops.

† Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Guyton, of the Fifty-seventh Georgia, who, in this sally, captured three positions held by the enemy.

‡ Colonel William E. Curtis, of the Forty-first Georgia, made a sudden dash, capturing one hundred and seven prisoners.

|| Thomas Wall, colonel of the Texas Legion, promoted to brigadier-general.

Forney and Bowen, Smith and Stevenson* 155
Led on to exploits brave as e'er were done;
Moore, Hebert, Cockrell, Dockery and Vaughn
Shoup, Harris, Baldwin cheered their soldiers on
And Reynolds, Barton, Cumming, Stephen Lee†
With ardor fought to keep proud Vicksburg free. 160
How oft with admiration and surprise
Were told the vent'rous deeds of George D. Wise,
Who bore dispatches back and forth at will
And seemed to bear a life insured 'gainst ill.
Then, when great need was felt for more gun
caps, 165
Lamar Fontaine, escaping all mishaps,
By fleet and guards at night came floating down
And moored his friendly log right at the town.
Then Captain Saunders also tried this game
And with more caps in safety also came. 170
Next daring courier Walker tried his hand
And with a fresh supply came safe to land.
The mighty fleet, without whose timely aid
Grant says he ne'er the wished-for goal had made,
Poured daily on fair Vicksburg iron hail, 175
Yet could not o'er our batteries prevail;
For Higgins‡ with brave chiefs and valiant men
Ne'er failed to hurl defiance back again.
But now gaunt Famine laid his heavy hand
With iron grip on that devoted band, 180
Which ever without rest both night and day
In battle line behind the trenches lay.
Why came not help on which they had relied,
In hope of which to hold that post they'd tried?
With half his men unfitted for the field 185

* Major-Generals commanding divisions in Pemberton's army: John H. Forney, of Alabama; John S. Bowen, of Missouri; Martin L. Smith, a New Yorker by birth, but a citizen of Florida, and Carter L. Stevenson, of Virginia.

† This is a list of the brigadier-generals commanding under the above-named major-generals: John C. Moore and Louis Hebert, of Forney's division; Francis M. Cockrell and J. P. Dockery, of Bowen's division; J. C. Vaughn, Francis A. Shoup, John V. Harris and W. E. Baldwin, of Smith's division; A. W. Reynolds, Seth M. Barton, Alfred Cumming and Stephen D. Lee, of Stevenson's division.

‡ Colonel (afterwards brigadier-general) Edward Higgins, commanding river batteries.

In sorrow Pemberton was forced to yield
 The post he could no longer hope to save;
 And terms most generous the victor gave.
 Grant bade his men no taunting words to say
 To valiant foes, who'd barred so long their way, 190
 Three cheers for Vicksburg's brave defenders rose
 From ranks of one division of their foes.
 But, ah! those cheers soothe not the sorrow
 deep

For the brave town, which they had failed to
 keep.

McPherson by kind deeds approval gained 195
 And honor in one Southern home obtained
 For noble conduct tow'rd a gallant youth,
 Who dared to say in words of manly truth:
 "Oh, in my home I do so long to be,
 That I may there from sickness soon be free 200
 And come again to wage 'gainst you the fight
 For home and dear ones and our Southland's
 right."

To him then kindly spoke the knightly foe;
 "And, Captain, thither you shall quickly go."
 Mounting him then upon a well-groomed steed 205
 And carefully supplying ev'ry need,
 He sent him whither he could find a train
 That bore him back to loved ones' arms again.
 From sickness there the hero found release;
 For soon he slept in God's eternal peace.* 210
 Port Hudson, next, to Vicksburg echo gave
 Where, after triumphs won by Southrons brave,
 To heavy odds those heroes had to yield.
 But valor once again did brave men shield
 From ev'ry taunt, while Banks with courtly
 grace 215

Bade Gardmer keep his sword in its place,
 Which exploits great entitled him to wear
 As badge of the brave deeds enacted there.
 Chivalric honors, which the brave thus give
 To valiant foes, are worthy aye to live. 220
 But cruel wars should never once begin,
 Nor would they, if love dwelt all hearts within.

* The young officer so chivalrously treated by General McPherson was Captain Henry P. Osborne, of Augusta, Ga., who died a few days after reaching home.

God speed the day of universal peace
When discords shall from earth forever cease;
When fabled golden age shall come again 225
And Love Divine, not Chivalry, shall reign.
Elsewhere retreat now followed on retreat,
Till on the Georgia line the forces meet,
Which holding East and Middle Tennessee,
Had kept the vital points till this time free. 230
But now through Chattanooga's open gate*
Invasion's tide, big with impending fate,
Threatened at once the South to overflow
And lay her prostrate form in ruin low.
But in Virginia Lee held fast the land, 235
While to the West he stretched a helping hand,
And Chickamauga's woods and stream resound
With charging Southern hosts that shake the
ground.
For on th' invading army Bragg had turned
With chiefs and men whose souls within them
burned 240
To win in battle all that had been lost,
Whate'er the peril or whate'er the cost.
When at the close of hard-contested day
The Southern lines had onward pushed their way,
It was resolved to press with zeal the fight, 245
A triumph full to win for Southern right.
From the clear sky the autumn moon looked
down
On ripening fields or forests sere and brown
And shone so calmly and serenely fair,
Where strife of brothers lately rent the air 250
And where with morning's light would new begin
Of war's dread horrors all the awful din.
All nature now in stillness peaceful slept.
Not so the pickets, who their vigils kept,
As they held watch and ward o'er slumb'ring
hosts, 255
Or soldiers late arrived who took their posts,
Or chiefs on either side, who must prepare
For the fierce struggle that was brewing there.

*On September 8, 1863, the Federal army took possession of Chattanooga and began to move southward into Georgia; but this new invasion was completely thwarted for a while by the great Confederate victory at Chickamauga.

Round many a weary hero's couch of earth,
 Where of the smallest comforts there was dearth, 260
 Hovered sweet dreams of loved ones and of home
 And bade his soul 'mid scenes enchanting roam.
 And in those anxious homes so far away,
 In South or North, so many knelt to pray
 That God would o'er their soldier spread his
 shield, 265.

Whether in camp or on the battle-field.
 Full many a prayer arose for country's cause,
 But more, that peace would give war's terrors
 pause.

But thoughts of peace from soldiers fled at morn,
 When charge was sounded by the bugle horn. 270
 Bragg placed the gallant Polk* on his right wing,
 'Neath whose command from right to left now
 swing

The corps of Walker and of D. H. Hill,
 While Cheatham's gallant men the next space fill
 To Forrest's horsemen bold. All are prepared 275
 For exploits valiant as brave men e'er dared.
 Over the left wing Longstreet† held command
 With corps of Hood and Buckner, firm to stand
 Or gallant in the charge, as need might be,
 While on their left there floated proud and free 480
 The flags of Hindman's men and Wheeler's
 knights,

Ready for weary march or desp'rate fights.
 And batt'ries strong for left and right there stood
 With hearts who'd brave whate'er the stoutest
 could.

The gallant Rosecrans led the Union host 285
 On whose left wing George Thomas held his post
 With valiant soldiers 'neath his guiding hand

*Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk, whose corps commanders were Major-General William H. T. Walker and Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill. Major-General B. F. Cheatham and the cavalry of Brigadier-General Nathan Bedford Forrest were also under Polk's command on this day.

†Lieutenant-General James Longstreet, whose corps commanders were Major-Generals John B. Hood and Simon Bolivar Buckner, both subsequently lieutenant-generals. Major-General Thomas C. Hindman and the cavalry of Brigadier-General Joseph Wheeler also were under Longstreet.

Ready to dare whate'er their chiefs command ;
*First Baird's brave boys, R. W. Johnson's then
With Palmer's next and Joseph Reynold's men. 290
Negley and Brannan stood upon their right ;
Next Sheridan and Davis, bold in fight,
O'er whom McCook was holding chief command,
While Crittenden took in reserve his stand
With Wood's and Van Cleve's troops of noble
fame, 295
Who'd won on other fields an honored name.
Now Hill 'gainst Thomas hurled his valiant corps
And Breckinridge and Cleburne more and more
Pressed their assault, while to their help there
came
Brave chiefs and men alrady known to fame, 300
†Liddell and Gist by William Walker led,
While Cheatham's brave division forged ahead.
Their heavy pressure drew from Union right
More and more troops to strengthen Thomas'
fight.
Longstreet on Southern left with watchful eye 305
Saw then in Fed'ral line a gap near by
And through it hurled brigade upon brigade,
Which wider and yet wider op'ning made,
As Bushrod Johnson,‡ Gregg, McNair and Law
With Humphreys, Benning, Robertson, Kershaw 310
Swept Sheridan's division from the field
And also forced in headlong flight to yield
One brigade of Van Cleve, of Davis, two,
While thousands of the gallant men in blue
Cut off from all escape laid down their arms. 315
Then was confusion great 'mid dire alarms

*The Union generals under Rosecrans were: George H. Thomas, Absalom Baird, R. W. Johnson, John M. Palmer, Joseph J. Reynolds, James S. Negley, John M. Brannan, Philip Sheridan, Jeff C. Davis, Alexander McCook, Thomas L. Crittenden, Thomas J. Wood and Horatio P. Van Cleve.

†St. John R. Liddell and S. R. Gist.

‡These eight brigades were driven right through the Union line, which caused the defeat of the Union army. Their generals were: Bushrod Johnson, a native of Ohio, but a citizen of Tennessee; John C. Gregg, of Texas; Evander McNair, of Arkansas; E. M. Law, of Alabama; Benj. G. Humphreys, of Mississippi; Henry L. Benning, of Georgia; Beverly H. Robertson, of Virginia, and J. B. Kershaw, of South Carolina.

Of routed troops. In one tremendous swing
 From left to right of Longstreet's charging wing
 Batt'ries on batteries were overrun,
 And, when the gallant work was fully done, 320
 Rosecrans' headquarters were the victor's prize,
 And with his routed troops that leader flies,
 Refuge in Chattanooga's works to find
 Both for the fleeing and for those behind,
 Who under Thomas strive to hold till night 325
 And, helped by Gordon Granger, bravely fight.
 As that grand charge he led, which swept away
 The routed Union right and won the day,
 The gallant Hood, most sorely wounded fell.
 But, as his senses reeled, with mighty swell 330
 Pealed on his gladdened ear the Southern yell.
 'Gainst Thomas now and Granger Bragg's right
 wing
 Did all its might and all its prowess bring.
 Of Union strength the larger portion still
 Fought hard to hold its post at Snodgrass Hill. 335
 At length, when both Bragg's wings were
 brought to bear
 On the brave Fed'rals holding stoutly there,
 "The Rock of Chickamauga" * yielded ground,
 As evening shades were gath'ring thick around.
 Then, as Bragg's wings together charging came 340
 And scaled the heights from that day dear to
 Fame,
 There rose one mighty soul-inspiring shout,
 That echoed through the forests round about,
 Which Southern men who fought upon that field
 Could ne'er forget, till they to death should yield. 345
 In the fierce charges of that awful day
 Thousands of brave men entered Death's dark
 way:

James Deshler†, Alabama's noble son,

*Major-General George H. Thomas, a Virginian who fought on the Union side, on account of his desperate fight this day was called the "Rock of Chickamauga."

†The Confederate brigade commanders killed on this day were Brigadier-General James Deshler of Cleburne's division, Colonel Peyton H. Colquitt of Walker's division, Brigadier-General Benjamin Hardin Helm of Breckinridge's division, and Brigadier-General Preston Smith of Cheatham's division.



And Helm, who for Kentucky honors won,
And Peyton Colquitt, for whom Georgia wept, 350
And Preston Smith, a name in honor kept
By gallant Tennessee; all these chiefs died
Cherished throughout the South with love and
pride.

And for the Union King and Baldwin[†] fell,
And Lytle as sweet poet honored well, 355
And Hegg who died to keep the Nation one
And make it strongest 'neath the light of sun.
When many weary years had passed away
And peace had come again, we hope, to stay,
The re-united Nation honors grave 360

To each of these eight chiefs so true and brave,
Whether he died beneath the Stripes and Stars,
Or gave his life upholding Stars and Bars.*
And can it be that narrow souls to-day
To Statuary Hall would bar the way, 365
When proud Virginia, like her sisters, free,
Would honor her great son, the peerless Lee?
Her mighty triumph fills the South with joy,
While new alarms her thronging foes annoy;
And though from Chickamauga's bloody field 370
Where valiant Northmen had been forced to yield,
Not all the fruits were reaped, that should have
been,

Yet o'er war's vast expanse great change was
seen.

Invading hosts had met a stunning check,
Of which their pride did lately little reckon, 375
And now in Chattanooga trembling wait,
Lest on them shall descend sad Vicksburg's fate.
Thither two corps from Meade as succor came,
Hooker's and Howard's, each of gallant fame.
Promptly Lee moved on Meade to make attack 380

[†] The Federal brigade commanders killed on this day were Colonel Edward A. King of J. J. Reynolds's division, Colonel Philemon P. Baldwin of R. W. Johnson's division, Brigadier-General William H. Lytle of Sheridan's division, and Colonel Hans C. Hegg of Jeff C. Davis's division.

*The United States Chickamauga Park Commission, consisting of Union and Confederate officers, under authority of the United States government, marked with similar monuments the spot on which each of these eight brigade commanders fell.

And straightway then the Fed'ral chief fell back.
 From Mississippi Sherman quickly hastes
 And Grant for Thomas'[†] help no moment wastes.
 But, ah! for Southern arms unlucky day
 That Longstreet sent for other work away. 385
 For on Bragg's weakened army Grant now hurled
 A force that seemed as gathered from the world.
 At least so thought the war-worn old Confed,
 Who, seeing o'er the plain that vast host spread,
 Vowed that he heard what made him queerly feel; 390
 "Attention, world! By nations, all right wheel!"
 Although at Mission Ridge Joe Hooker failed,
 Nor over hind'ring obstacles prevailed,*
 And although Sherman's efforts were in vain,
 Foiled by Pat Cleburne once and then again, 395
 Yet Sheridan redeemed the former flight
 Of his command at Chickamauga's fight,
 As our left-center his and Wood's boys pierce,
 In rapid charge so sudden and so fierce,
 That our weak line is forced its ground to yield, 400
 While loud-huzzaing foemen win the field.
 But Cheatham quick and Walthall at the breach
 Hold firm the open road from hostile reach.
 So Hardee held the ground on Bragg's right
 wing,
 Till dark'ning shades of night could succor bring 405
 And thus at Mission Ridge a bulwark proved,
 'Gainst which in vain Grant's strongest columns
 moved.
 With Hardee's right the lion of the day,
 Pat Cleburne, against Sherman barred the way.
 In vain the Northern chief with his own corps 410
 And Howard's also, with the thousands more
 Whom Jeff. C. Davis led, assailed the line
 Where Stevenson's and Cleburne's men combine
 And with brave hearts so true and bold and stout
 'Gainst fearful odds through all the day hold out. 415
 As Smith's brave Texans firmly keep their post

[†]General George H. Thomas had succeeded Rosecrans in command of the Union army, now besieged in Chattanooga.

*The day before the battle of Mission Ridge, Hooker had carried the positions on Lookout Mountain, but on the day of the fight at the Ridge found it impossible to do the part assigned him.

With Govan's boys, of Arkansas the boast,
The bold brigade of Alfred Cumming came,
Whose deeds of valor oft had won them fame.
But, as they reached this point McConnell fell, 420
A noble leader, loved and honored well.
And now at Cleburne's word these valiant men,
Arkansans, Texans, Georgians once again
With zealous aid of Tennessee's stout boys
Whose hearts quailed not for battle's shock and
noise, 425
In headlong charge swept onward o'er the field
And proved that day the Southland's sword and
shield.
But with left-center pierced Bragg can not stay
To wait the issue of another day
And must retire, ere morning's beams appear. 430
The dauntless Cleburne guarded well the rear;
How well, let Ringgold's gallant battle tell,
Where foemen's might and pride his heroes quell.
South of this town at gap in Taylor's Ridge,
Where road o'er winding stream has many a
bridge, 435
In shelter of a grove his Texans stand
With troops of Alabama close at hand.
The men of Arkansas in four short lines
Where screen of thicket all its boughs entwines
To hide from view Goldthwaite's Napoleon guns, 440
Wait in grim silence for the Northland's sons.
Near by stand Mississippians in reserve
With Tennesseans strong of heart and nerve.
Close in their rear is Bragg's great army train
Struggling through fords a passage safe to gain, 445
Its sole reliance Cleburne's gallant band,
Who 'gainst pursuing foes determined stand.
Joe Hooker pressing on with joy and pride
For his late fight on Lookout's rugged side,*
With Osterhaus in front and Geary near, 450
And Cruft with his division in the rear,
Quickly formed line and moved to the attack;
But promptly were they hurled disordered back,
Smitten by lightning's flash from Cleburne's line

*In which he captured Lookout Mountain, the day before the battle of Missionary Ridge.

With which his cannons' thund'rous roars com-
 bine. 455
 Again the gallant Fed'ral press the fight
 In dashing charge 'gainst center, left and right.
 But dire defeat with such great losses came
 As made them long remember Ringgold's name.
 Ohio's noble Creighton dying fell 460
 And Crane, whose soldiers love his deeds to tell.
 Twelve leaders of Ohio's Seventh brave
 Out of thirteen the battle's red sod lave,
 And, with the loss of nearly half its men,
 This gallant regiment recoils again. 465
 Ohio's Seventy-sixth like fate befell
 With loss of colors, though defended well.
 Missouri's Twenty-ninth, on Fed'ral side,
 Lost flag and prisoners, as in full tide
 Taylor's brave Texans swept them down the hill; 470
 And Fame's loud trump the battle echoes fill,
 As thrilling tale through all the Southland ran
 Of valiant deeds of heroes of Govan,
 Granbury, Lowrey and brave Lucius Polk,
 Who on that day the forest's stillness woke 475
 With victors' shouts, as 'mid their cannons' roar
 And rifles' crack their flags triumphant soar.
 Bragg's trains by this brave fight were grandly
 saved,
 And for the valor, which such odds had braved,
 To Cleburne and his heroes Congress gave 480
 Thanks of the land, which they had fought to
 save.
 Coupled with news of Bragg's most dire defeat
 On Mission Ridge, and Longstreet's sad retreat
 From Knoxville's bloody field, where all in vain
 His heroes charged again and then again, 485
 Came story of the fight at Ringgold town,
 Which shed o'er Cleburne's flag such grand re-
 nown
 And gave a silver lining to the cloud
 That did with blackness all the South enshroud.
 Americans are ever stout of heart 490
 And true to cause with which they've taken part.
 So Southrons from disasters rallied soon,
 And Hope reviving smiled like day in June.
 For proud Virginia Lee holds firmly still

And Charleston's victories our bosoms thrill, 495
While Southern arms on Texas coast had won
'Gainst all that Fed'ral hosts or fleet had done.

One gallant feat of arms already told
On Sabine Pass sheds lustre manifold.
Another brilliant deed, my Muse, now sing 500
And to Dick Dowling meed befitting bring.

One autumn day in eighteen sixty-three
Came gallant fleet, so proud and fair to see,
With gunboats four and transports full of men
'To bring back Texas to the fold again. 505

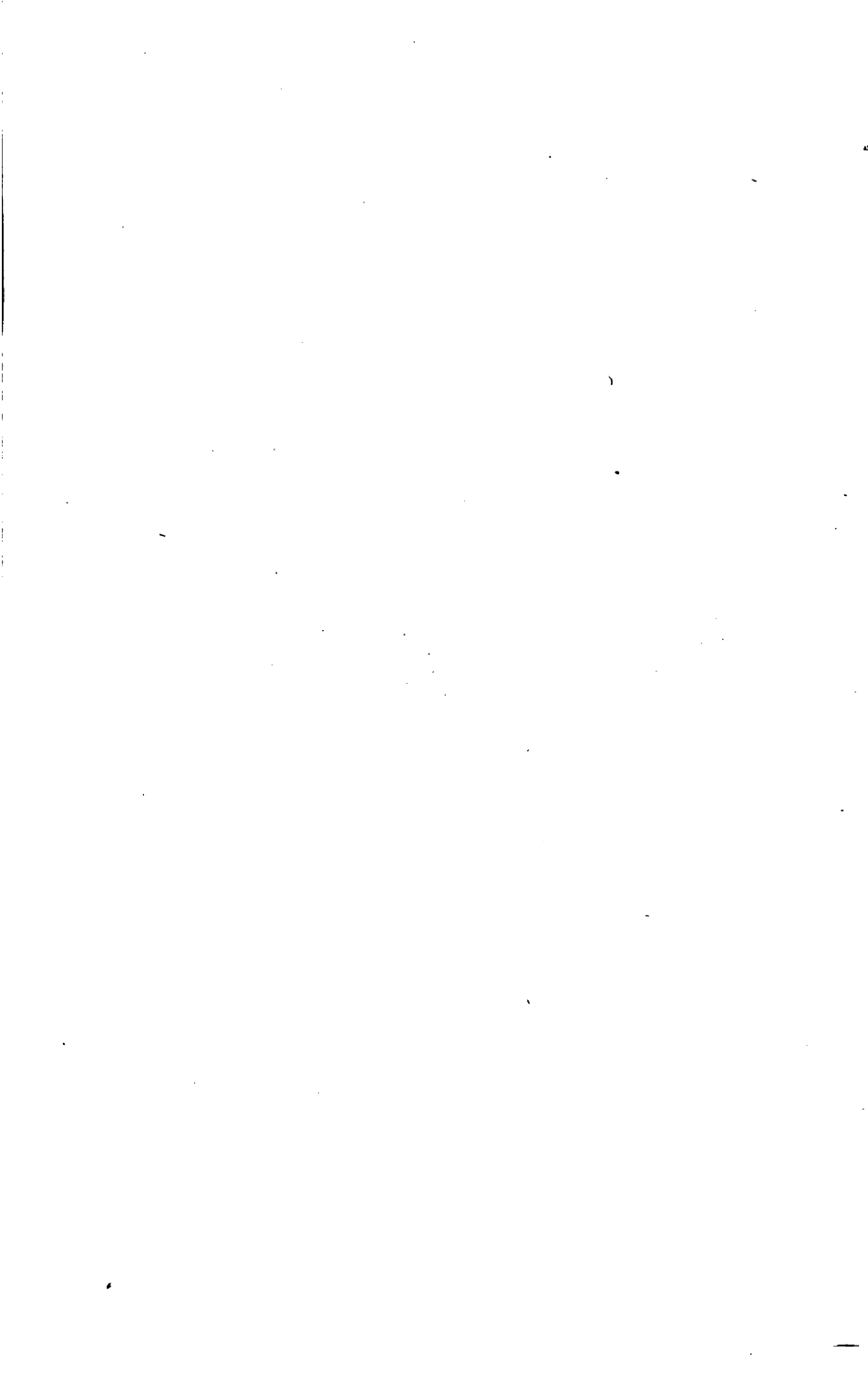
Only a six-gun fort stood in their way.
But heroes manned it who were there to stay,
Forty-four sons of Erin, strong and bold
To dare such deed as Fame hath rarely told.
Against the odds they quailed not in dismay 510
And to give welcome warm made no delay.
Of fearful iron hail for near two hours
From Fed'ral boats there poured incessant
showers.

But all in vain! Brave men behind the guns
Foiled all the fury of the North's strong sons. 515
Minus two gunboats and of each the crew,
A fleet of twenty sail dismayed withdrew.
The red-hot greeting which Dick Dowling gave
Made them see forts with myriads strong and
brave,

And so the fleet with its five thousand fled 520
From forty-four stout hearts with steady head.
Whene'er this tale of Sabine Pass was told,
It made the wav'ring and faint-hearted bold.
A small affair it was, but of great weight,
In that it stopped th' invasion of a State; 525
And thus Fort Grigsby won an honored name
Upon the glorious South's proud roll of fame,
And the brave Davis Guards, who fought so well,
Will in her grand Valhalla ever dwell.

A Southern soldier, gallant deeds I sing 530
That may to patriot hearts some pleasure bring.
Yet for all parties it were better far,
Had there ne'er been that fratricidal war.
With all my soul I love the paths of peace,
And pray that strife forevermore may cease. 535
God's chosen plan is Christ's sweet law of love

That reigns among the shining ranks above;
But if the wrath of man the tempest raise,
God rides upon the storm and guides its ways,
Giving to each now vic'tries, now defeats, 540
And unto each His sovereign verdict metes.
Then they who trust Him own His equal sway
And His decision loyally obey.
Arbitrament of arms will never cease
Till so-called Christian States choose law of
peace, 545
Nor deem that they alone beneath the sun
Do all the righteousness that e'er is done;
But tol'rance have for others' point of view
And freely give to them what is their due.
Hence, while the patriot's sacrifice we praise, 550
Let's work and pray for nobler, better days.





GEORGIA CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CHICKAMAUGA
PARK.

To the lasting memory of her sons
Who fought on this field—
To those who fought and lived, and those who fought and
died ;
Those who gave much, and those who gave all—
Georgia
Erects this monument.

BOOK V.

Again the Tide of Southern Triumph Flows.

Slowly the days of winter passed away
And hardships lingered, as if there to stay.
The men of either side showed patience great
To bear privations or the frowns of Fate.
But Union soldiers had the full supplies 5
In which the strength of ev'ry army lies,
And for each man by them in battle lost
Came new recruits to pay war's fearful cost.
Sublime th' endurance and the courage true
That marked the men who wore the Union blue. 10
But what of those who looked on thinning ranks
And saw no way to fill those fatal blanks,
Whom scanty food and clothing tested sore,
But who with courage grand all trials bore?
What though their sky with gloom was overcast? 15
They hoped the dark appearance would not last.
And thought of those heroic days of old
And patriot sires of 'seventy-six so bold,
Who 'mid like scenes of Valley Forge stood fast
And glorious independence won at last. 20
"Not yet have we their depth of sorrow known,
And yet on them at last glad triumph shone."
Thus feeling, they made light of ev'ry care,
For home and country ready all to dare.
When roads were filled with mud and poured the
rain, 25
In half pathetic and half merry strain
Thus would some Reb invoke the power of song,
To chase dull care and help his friends along:
"Oh, come into my shanty;
My rations are scanty, 30
Corn bread, it is the order of the day;
This young Reb is sighing,
His wet feet he's drying,

And wonders if this cruel war will pay.
 Then come rain and fill
 Each sluggish creek and rill,
 Thy steady patter, patter just now suits;
 Oh, come, and we'll thank thee
 To keep back the Yankee,
 Until our ranks are filled up with recruits." 40
 Next, "Mister, here's your mule!" would laughter
 bring
 From those who round a camp-fire stood in ring.
 Then one, who thought of dear girl left behind,
 In sentimental strain relieved his mind:
 "A hundred months have passed, Lorena, 45
 Since last I held thy hand in mine."
 With loud encores they called him out again,
 Whereat he charmed them all with this refrain:
 "Oh, the lone starry hours give me, love,
 When still is the beautiful night." 50
 Now from the throng one just as true and brave
 Sang in soft accents more subdued and grave,
 "When this cruel war is over."
 Then, filled with thoughts of loved ones far away,
 All voices are attuned to this sweet lay: 55
 "Do they miss me at home? Do they miss me?
 'Twould be an assurance most dear
 To know that this moment some loved one
 Were saying, 'I wish he were here'!"
 Then, while they all thus sang of home and love, 60
 Came holy thoughts to lift their souls above
 To Him, whose grace, when trials sore oppressed,
 Could 'mid the gloom to trusting hearts give rest;
 And then the sacred song each bosom thrilled,
 As lofty strains the echoing forest filled: 65
 "Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me."
 From thousand throats the full notes rise and
 swell, 70
 And then, while rev'rent thoughts in each heart
 dwell,
 Some pious man from that throng gathered there
 Stands in the midst and offers up a prayer.
 On Rocky Face and on the Rapidan,

As days and nights their wonted circuit ran, 75
Troubles and cares were oft allayed by joys,
And nought could damp the spirits of our boys.
When howled 'mid tempest fierce the winter's blast
Their cheerfulness did raging storm outlast
And, when snow clothed the vales and hills in
white, 80.

In line they formed to wage the mimic fight.
What fun there was, when one clear winter day
Hoke led his "Tar Heels" in a gallant fray
'Gainst Evans' Georgians and took their camp!
But quickly they were forced from thence to tramp 85.
When rallying Georgians struck their front and
flanks

And drove them back with badly routed ranks,
Taking as pris'ners Hoke and ladies fair
Who'd gone with him to view the combat there.
Exchange of prisoners released them soon 90.
And Evans led his boys that afternoon
Three miles to charge the Carolina camp,
When on both sides proud Valor set his stamp.
The Georgians meet success and then defeat
As "Tar Heels" drive them back in swift retreat. 95.

Round Dalton also charging columns clash
And through the air swift-flying snowballs flash.
Harmless such combats, where loud laughter rose
From ranks of victors and of vanquished foes.
Those, who in such dark hours found fun and joy, 100.
Had courage in their hearts without alloy.
With steadfast souls, in sad or cheerful mood,
The ragged ranks firm by their colors stood;
To winter's blasts or battle's storms inured,
'Gainst adverse fate they to the end endured. 105
From birth of time until the world's last day
How hard 'twill be to match the men in gray!

As winter days were hasting tow'rd the spring,
Glad tidings through the South on joyful wing
Told how the starry cross in triumph waved 110.
In "Land of Flowers" by brilliant battle saved.
Back from Olustee's field the foemen fled
Before our boys by gallant chieftains led,
When Finnegan and Colquitt laurels gained
And George P. Harrison renown obtained. 115
J. W. Evans, William Crawford too,

Bonaud and Wheaton with brave lads and true,
Guerard and Duncan Clinch all shared the fight,
Where brave James Barrow fell for home and
right.

120

With Butler, Waller, Cannon all in front,
Where valiant heroes face the battle's brunt.
Mobley with daring men seized Fed'ral guns,
And honors Lofton gained through Georgia's
sons.

A gallant battle 'twas on open ground
And worthy foemen each brave army found. 125
Once ammunition failed the Southern boys,
But still they held their ground with steady **poise**,
Inspired by words and deeds of youthful aide,
As, riding down the line with flag displayed,
Hugh Colquitt bids them wait for fresh supplies. 130
The van thus waiting hostile power defies.
Blount, hasting up supplies, from horse is shot;
Clark's steed falls dead, though rider suffers not.
Lieutenant Dancey near his chief was slain
And patriot blood of many dyed the plain, 135
Where Holland, Combs and Hill and Johnson fell.

NOTE.—Brigadier-General Finegan commanded the sub-department of Florida, Brigadier-General Alfred Colquitt commanded the forces on the field and Colonel (afterwards Brigadier-General) George P. Harrison was next in command. The officers here named were Colonel John W. Evans, Sixty-fourth Georgia, Captain Wm. P. Crawford, commanding Twenty-eighth Georgia; Major A. Bonaud, commanding a battalion of artillery acting as infantry; Capt. J. F. Wheaton of the Chatham Artillery; Capt. E. L. Guerard, brigadier-quartermaster acting as staff officer; Lieutenant R. J. Butler, Thirty-second Georgia; Lieutenant P. A. Waller, ; Capt. H. A. Cannon, First Georgia Regulars; Capt. S. D. Mobley, Thirty-second Georgia; Colonel J. T. Lofton, of Georgia, and Colonel Duncan L. Clinch, of the Fourth Georgia Cavalry. Colonel Clinch was severely wounded.

NORR.—The other officers mentioned are: Lieutenant Hugh Colquitt, aide to his brother, the general; Lieutenant George M. Blount, acting adjutant-general, shot while hurrying up fresh supplies of ammunition; Lieutenant Horace P. Clark, whose horse was killed under him; Lieutenant R. T. Dancy, Thirty-second Georgia, a staff officer killed at the side of Colonel George P. Harrison; Lieutenant W. W. Holland, Twenty-eighth Georgia; Lieutenant W. H. Combs, Sixth Georgia; Lieutenant Thomas J. Hill, Sixth Florida, and Adjutant Wm. H. Johnson, Nineteenth Georgia.

As sank the sun, rose loud triumphant yell
While Georgia's sons and Florida's brave boys
Hailed the proud Southern cross with those stern
joys

That hide from warring hosts the woes of strife, 140
Who in their zeal reck not of death or life.

Next Okalona † Southern bosoms thrilled,
Where Forrest's blade his foes with terror filled.
Then sweeping forward on the wings of Fame
Rang through the land that dashing leader's
name, 145

And where that "Wizard of the Saddle" led
The South rejoiced and routed foemen fled.
Brice's Cross Roads * and Tishamingo Creek
Come fresh to mind when men of Forrest speak.
Fair Louisiana too her quota gave 150
Of joyful news that helped our hopes to save.
Mansfield and Pleasant Hill th' invaders foiled
And Banks there found his schemes completely
spoiled,

While Taylor's † star shone brightly as of yore

†The defeat of Sherman's cavalry at Okalona caused that general to abandon his expedition against Mobile early in 1864.

*The battle of Brice's Cross Roads or Tishamingo Creek, near Guntown, Mississippi, was the most famous of Forrest's many victories.

†Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor, who had distinguished himself under Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley in 1862, was born in Kentucky and became a citizen of Louisiana. He commanded the Confederates in these two battles, and the generals under him were Brigadier-Generals Arthur P. Bagley, born in Alabama, a citizen and soldier of Texas; Major-General Thomas Green, born in Virginia, a citizen and soldier of Texas; Major-General Camille A. J. M. Polignac, a French soldier in the service of the Confederate States; Brigadier-General Horace Randall, born in Tennessee, a commander of Texas troops; Brigadier-General James P. Major, born in Missouri, a commander of Missouri and Texas troops; Brigadier-General John G. Walker, of Missouri; Brigadier-General W. R. Scurry, of Texas; Brigadier-General Hamilton P. Bee, born in South Carolina, a citizen and soldier of Texas; Major-General Thomas J. Churchill, born in Kentucky, a citizen and soldier of Arkansas; Brigadier-General Alfred Mouton, born in Louisiana and a soldier of that State; Brigadier-General Thomas N. Waul, born in South Carolina, a citizen and soldier of Texas.

On glory's fields in far-famed Shenandoah, 155
 And exploits great were done as oft are seen
 By Bagby, Randal, Polignac and Green
 And Major also, each a chieftain grand
 Who heroes led to war for native land;
 While Walker, Scurry, Bee, Churchill and Waul 160
 Helped win the day made sad by Mouton's fall.
 Next northward Kirby Smith his columns led
 And vict'ry gained where heroes toiled and bled.
 Now in Missouri and in Arkansas
 Were battles won in swelling tide of war 165
 And Fame the deeds of Price and Shelby told,
 Of dashing Marmaduke and Cabell bold.*
 The distant East responded to the West
 In efforts brave by brilliant triumphs blest,
 When with the Albemarle Commander Cooke † 170
 Helped Hoke, ‡ who from the Fed'ral's Plymouth
 took,
 And Dahlgren's || dire defeat assurance gave
 Which made each Southron's heart beat strong
 and brave.
 News of success filled ev'ry swelling breeze,
 And Hope our triumph sure already sees. 175
 With courage high in days of early May
 Two Southern armies stood up for the fray,
 One with Joe Johnston, one with Robert Lee,
 Daring all odds their South beloved to free.
 They saw that desp'rate task before them lay, 180
 Yet hopeful waited for the battle day.
 To swell their ranks came men from other posts;
 For strongest hope of South were these two hosts.
 With them was one who on his wedding day
 From his young bride so fair had gone away 185

* General Edmund Kirby Smith was a native of Florida and a soldier from that State; Major-General Sterling Price, born in Virginia, was a citizen and soldier of Missouri, as was also Brigadier-General Joseph O. Shelby, born in Kentucky; Major-General John S. Marmaduke, born in Missouri, and a soldier of that State; Brigadier-General William L. Cabell, a Virginian, commanding Texas and Arkansas troops, a citizen of Texas.

† Captain James W. Cooke, of the Confederate navy.

‡ Major-General Robert F. Hoke, of North Carolina.

|| Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, defeated and slain in a raid against Richmond.

In month of August eighteen sixty-two,
With heart inspired by love of country true,
Going again to danger and to toil
After year's service on Virginia's soil.
Soon had that bride so brave been sorely tried, 190
For, as her bridegroom toiled up rugged side
Of mountain steep in Eastern Tennessee,
With frame from recent illness not quite free,
Nor equal yet to effort of this kind
And falling hence at ev'ry step behind, 195
Bushwhackers sprang upon him unaware
And bore him off unto their mountain lair.
Into despair the news plunged all at home,
Who fearful waited lest worse tidings come.
They dreaded tender mercies of the men 200
From out whose hands few captives came again.
Friends, who their dire forebodings could not hide,
Increased the torture of the fond young bride,
Who overheard them say, "He must be dead,"
And from her soul all hope had nearly fled. 205
To calm the fears of mother and young wife
And give to his own hope new lease of life,
The father to the front now sped away,
Where cheering tidings came to him one day
That bade his fainting soul again revive. 210
Yet hope and fear within him still did strive,
Till, as one noon he sat in troubled mood,
Before him one like apparition stood
And to his gladdened ear the silence broke:
"Father!" Surprised up sprang the sire and
spoke: 215
"As angel's face is yours to me, my son!"
And clasped him in his arms. His mission done,
He wired glad news to anxious ones at home.
But the good tidings somehow failed to come
And gloomy fears those sad hearts still oppressed, 220
Nor could their troubled minds from care find rest.
While thus perturbed, one morn at sudden sound
The young wife saw what made her glad heart
bound:
With father came her husband through the gate
Sent home to loving arms by kindly fate. 225
When soon with health renewed he sought his
post,

God still o'er many seemed to bless him most.
For his command in short while sent by home
Was there delayed for further word to come.
Now six glad weeks speed by on rapid wing 230
Before the wires their marching orders bring.
After year's service on the Georgia coast
His orders bear him to Joe Johnston's host,
Who with stout hearts in lines round Dalton stand,
Resolved to do or die for native land. 235
Once more kind Providence had blessed his eyes
With sight of those whom most his heart did
prize,
Father and mother and brave-hearted wife
And infant boy, sweet bud of human life.
But how felt they, when called again to part 240
'Mid sad forebodings to each loving heart?
Resolved was each all duties to perform,
'Mid cares of home or in the battle's storm.
They trusted still with steadfast faith and love
And through war's clouds looked up to God
above. 245
But on the Georgia coast malaria's blight
Had seized him with an iron grip so tight
That it was hard to break; and sharp attack
Caused surgeons now to send him promptly back
And place in hospital, that he might there 250
With strength renewed for hard campaign prepare.
Quick to his side with infant sped his wife
Whose love alway was bright star of his life.
This so unlooked-for meeting gave new joy,
Though thought of early parting brought alloy. 255
Ye who dwell safely in these days of peace,
That to our land have given sweet release,
Can never know the mingled joy and pain
Of those who only met to part again,
Nor how for all, the greatest and the least, 260
The doubtful future haunted ev'ry feast.
In a few days the sharp attack was o'er,
And to the front the soldier went once more.
From that same point two trains each day would
start,
Whose times for leaving were short while apart; 265
The eastward-bound sped to their home its way,
The westward train bore soldiers to the fray.



THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

The power of words can hardly justice do,
 Where young hearts loved, yet were to duty true.
 With kiss, in which all pure emotions blent, 270
 And trusting God, once more apart they went;
 On eastward train the soldier's child and wife,
 On westward he returned to battle's strife.

Now, first, my Muse, the wondrous exploits tell
 Of those who in Fame's hall shall ever dwell; 275
 Lee and his paladins so truly grand,
 With soldiers proud to die for native land.
 With 'minished numbers and small hope for more
 Against invasion's tide they stoutly bore
 And 'gainst resources boundless bravely set 280
 The scanty means remaining to them yet,
 Parried strong blows that rained without a pause
 And sought no omen but their country's cause.
 Their glory through the ages is secure
 And story of their deeds will aye endure. 285
 When of Thermopylæ the tale is told,
 'Tis of Leonidas, the Spartan bold,
 And his immortal few proud Fame doth boast
 And not of Xerxes and his mighty host;
 And so, when men the tale of Richmond tell, 290
 Their highest throbs of admiration swell
 For those who fought to keep the Southland free,
 The noble men of peerless Robert Lee.
 With twofold odds Grant crossed the Rapidan,
 But Warren soon on Ewell's vanguard ran. 295
 Then Sedgwick quickly came to Warren's aid,
 But on him A. P. Hill fierce onset made
 And Hancock,* who'd for Spottsylvania moved,
 Made quick return, since Lee too mighty proved
 For all the Fed'ral strength upon that field 300
 And to their fiercest efforts did not yield.
 'Mid tangled undergrowth and forest dense
 Lee's lines by gallant charge or stout defense
 Hurled back their foes, till darkest shades of night

* Of the officers here named the following were serving in the army of Grant: Major-Generals Gouverneur K. Warren, John Sedgwick and Winfield S. Hancock. The officers here named serving in Lee's army were: Lieutenant-Generals Richard S. Ewell and Ambrose Powell Hill, both of Virginia. Ewell was born at Georgetown, District of Columbia.

Stilled all the tumult of the desp'rate fight. 305
Hancock next early dawn swept Wilcox * back
And with resistless might pressed his attack,
Till Poague's artillery his onset stayed
And Longtreet's corps its banners proud displayed,
As with their well-closed ranks they pushed their
way, 310
Like rolling billow, which no force could stay.
As Gregg † leads Arkansas' and Texas' sons
Past Lee upon his horse amid the guns,
With ringing shouts that all the forest fill,
They cheer "Marse Robert" with a hearty will. 315
But when to take the lead he forward spurred,
Protesting cries from ev'ry throat were heard;
"Lee to the rear! We will not forward go
Unless Lee stay. Then we will charge the foe
And drive them back, as we've ne'er failed to do." 320
Past him they swept and to their pledge were true;
For strength to keep their word was promptly lent,
As with them in the headlong charge there went
With Field ‡ the men of Benning || and of Law, °
And Bryan, Wofford, Humphreys with Kershaw, 325
While Davis, Anderson, Mahone the might[§]
Of their brave soldiers added to the fight.
Thus Longstreet launched our blow on Hancock's
men,
And to the Brock road rolled them back again.
While Jenkins ¶ troops he brought to press the
game, 330
Surcease of battle in this quarter came;
For Longstreet wounded fell, and near his side

* Major-General Cadmus M. Wilcox, of North Carolina.

† Brigadier-General John C. Gregg.

‡ Major-General Charles W. Field, a Kentuckian.

|| Brigadier-General Henry L. Benning, of Georgia.

° Brigadier-General, afterwards Major-General, E. M. Law, a native of South Carolina, a citizen and soldier of Alabama.

§ Brigadier-Generals Goode Bryan and William T. Wofford, both of Georgia; Benjamin G. Humphreys of Mississippi; Major-General Joseph B. Kershaw, of South Carolina, and Brigadier-Generals Joseph R. Davis of Mississippi (nephew of President Davis); George T. Anderson, of Georgia, and William Mahone, of Virginia, soon afterwards promoted to Major-General.

¶ Brigadier-General Micah Jenkins, of South Carolina.

The gallant leader, Micah Jenkins, died.
 Just as the sun was sinking in the west,
 Ere evening shades had put the day to rest, 335
 Another charge th' impetuous Gordon led
 With Johnson and with Evans[‡] at the head
 Of North Carolinians and Georgians brave,
 O'er whom the starry cross was proud to wave,
 As with dread swoop on Sedgwick's corps they
 fell 340

And with keen rifle's flash and rebel yell
 From out their works the startled Fed'ral swept,
 Then seizing many a pris'ner onward kept
 And to their lines in triumph proudly bore
 Two of Grant's chieftains, Shaler and Seymour.
 Since Grant at ev'ry point had been repelled, 345
 He now from battle here his force withheld;

Then from the wilderness his army led,
 For Spottsylvania turned his columns head
 And tried 'twixt Lee and Richmond thus to slip;
 But found Lee just as hard to fool as whip. 350
 For, as he neared the goal for which he tried,
 Across his path Lee all his power defied.

Against this line Grant tried his might and skill
 And, when twelve days had passed, was baffled still.
 Though on two sep'rate days he made some gain, 355
 Lee's prompt reserves struck back with might
 and main,

And saved each time what had at first seemed
 lost.

For their brave deeds each host paid fearful cost.
 In brilliant charge upon the tenth of May
 Upton's* brave boys in blue had forced their way 360
 O'er Doles'† outnumbered troops and pushed
 them back.

But for support did Doles not long time lack.
 Near by was Gordon, || ever on th' alert

[‡]Brigadier-General Robert D. Johnson, of North Carolina,
 and Colonel Olement A. Evans, of Georgia, shortly after-
 wards promoted to brigadier-general.

* Major-General Emory Upton, of the United States
 army.

† Brigadier-General George P. Doles, of Georgia.

|| Brigadier-General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, a few
 days later promoted to major-general, and toward the close
 of the war made lieutenant-general.

Success to press or peril to avert,
And now upon the foe, like lightning flash, 365
His gallant boys he hurled in sudden dash
And, as o'er Clement Evan's Georgians brave
And Robert Johnson's Carolinians wave
Victorious Southern banners floating high,
Doles' noble boys joined their loud battle-cry, 370
To swell the note of triumph that arose
As they won back their line from valiant foes.
To add persuasion to the boys in blue
And cause them backward move to still pursue,
Doles with some volunteers helped man a gun, 375
Which added heavy weight to war's grim fun.
But twelfth of May the strongest witness gave
To valor of the men who died to save
In either host the cause for which they fought
And by their deeds Fame's lasting honors bought. 380
'Twas on that day just at the early dawn,
While rain and mist were making dark the morn,
When Hancock, "The Superb," by sudden stroke
O'er Edward Johnson's brave division broke,
Captured that chief with nearly all his men 385
And quick for other conquest moved again.
Now past the salient they forged ahead,
While to the right and left their flankers spread.
"I've used up Johnson and for Early go!"
Was word to Grant from our exultant foe. 390
Early's division Gordon that day led,
For of Hill's* corps was Early at the head.
The fiery Georgian saw the ruin there
And bade his chiefs for counter-charge prepare,
Then Robert Johnson's men at once employed, 395
Who on the front of Hancock were deployed
As skirmishers to move in swift advance
And stay the tide, thus making better chance,
While Clement Evans struck such sudden blow,
As brought to halt the onward moving foe. 400
Now on the front our matchless Lee appeared,
Took off his hat, as Gordon's line he neared,
Then took his post with view to lead them in

*General A. P. Hill was at this time sick and Major-General Jubal A. Early, shortly afterwards promoted to Lieutenant-General, commanded his corps, while John B. Gordon commanded Early's division.

And with them die or his lost ground to win.
 His purpose Gordon saw and hotly spurred 405
 To his chief's side, who now strong protest heard:
 "No! General Lee! This charge you must not
 lead;

Your country needs your life. 'Tis mine indeed
 To head my boys, who'll valiant prove and true
 And for you and their country all things do. 410
 Virginians,* Carolinians, Georgians they,
 Who'll die right here or win you back the day."
 "Lee to the rear!" the soldiers all reply;
 "Lee to the rear!" all down the line they cry.
 With Gordon then in headlong charge they swept 415
 And soon to Lee beloved their pledge had kept.
 Now Hancock's men James Lane† was holding
 back

And Rodes sent Ramseur‡ to supply the lack
 'Twixt Gordon and himself, while Perrin|| grand
 With Alabamians hastes to lend a hand, 420
 Who, as at all times, did their work full well,
 And vict'ry crowned brave Perrin, as he fell,
 While Junius Daniel, North Carolina's son
 Fell leading onward, ere the line was won.
 Through fearful storm of lead next Harris§ went 425
 With Mississippians, and McGowan¶ lent
 With South Carolinians most timely aid,
 And all these gallant troops quite certain made
 The winning of the day. The angle, though,
 From outer side was fought for by the foe. 430
 Save this one point the line had all been won;
 Nor ceased the conflict here with setting sun.
 'Mid this dire tumult, each with painful wound

*These Virginians were commanded by Brigadier-General John Pegram, soon after promoted to major-general.

†Brigadier-General James H. Lane, of North Carolina.

‡Major-General Robert E. Rhodes, born in Virginia, but then of Alabama, and Brigadier-General Stephen D. Ramseur, of North Carolina, later major-general.

||Brigadier-General Abner M. Perrin, born in South Carolina, a citizen and soldier of Alabama.

§Brigadier-General Nathaniel H. Harris, of Mississippi.

¶Brigadier-General Samuel McGowan, of South Carolina.

Hancock and Gibbon[†] left the battle-ground.
Till long past midnight furious was the fight, 435
Nor each could other drive with utmost might.
Though right and left again and then again
Grant pressed assault, his fury was all vain.
For R. H. Anderson^{||} foiled Wright's[°] attack
And Early's stalwart men drove Burnside back. 440
The "Bloody Angle's" tale hath oft been told
By heroes of both armies stout and bold
And never until life's remotest day
Will they forget the horrors of that fray.
Near Spottsylvania till eight days were o'er 445
Grant staid and made one mighty effort more;
But his brave troops with fearful loss repelled
Taught him how Robert Lee his firm lines held.
Again he moved away by his left flank
Nor halted, till he reached North Anna's bank; 450
But found again, when to this point he came,
That Lee had guessed and blocked once more his
game.
Again he tried and then again was foiled,
And all his plans to vanquish Lee were spoiled.
Though reinforcements aye kept full his ranks, 455
While Lee had not enough to fill war's blanks,
Grant's strongest efforts had at ev'ry point
In Dixie's armor failed to pierce a joint.
To interpose 'twixt Richmond and our Lee
All hope was lost, as Grant was forced to see, 460
When of his hard-fought "overland campaign,"
In flank moves baffled as on battle plain,
Cold Harbor marked the dreary, dismal close
With dire disaster to the Southland's foes.
Nor was this full extent of his defeat. 465
His other armies at all points to meet
Our valiant chiefs and soldiers had not failed,
But o'er all combinations had prevailed.

[†]Major-Generals Winfield S. Hancock and John Gibbon of the Union army were both severely wounded in this fight at the Bloody Angles. Major-General John Sedgwick, of Grant's army, had been killed a few days before.

^{||}Major-General R. H. Anderson, of South Carolina, afterwards lieutenant-general.

[°]Major-General Horatio Wright who succeeded Sedgwick.

Butler's* advance by Beauregard was stayed,
 Who bottled him defeated and dismayed 470
 And Petersburg and Richmond nobly saved,
 While in the valley young cadets had braved†
 With vet'ran comrades perils of the fight
 And shed their patriot blood for country's right.
 Flower of Southern youth, from college hall 475
 Where once had dwelt and taught our great
 "Stonewall,"

They marched away with knightly courage bright,
 Those handsome youths, of many a home the light.
 When Breckinridge would hold them in reserve,
 Their claim, that they a better place deserve, 480
 Obtains permission that they share the front
 With elders trained to breast the battle's brunt.
 And ne'er did boys upon the diamond play
 With lighter, happier spirits than had they,
 When in the headlong charge they forward went 485
 'Gainst routed foes who, in confusion blent,
 Fled from the field, where youthful valor vied
 With that of bearded men in battle tried.
 And, as victorious Southern banners wave,
 None than the Institute's more proud and brave 490
 Floated o'er truer hearts or nobler band
 Than those brave lads, the pride of Dixie's land.
 Ah! lovely Shenandoah! how rich thou art
 In all that thrills and stirs the patriot's heart!
 By many a sacred drop though sanctified, 495
 Distilled from hearts that for the Southland died,
 No holier blood in Freedom's battles shed
 Ever for home and bleeding country plead
 Than that of gen'rous youth that stained thy sod
 And from that crimsoned field appealed to God. 500
 While Lee and Grant near Spottsylvania fought
 The priceless blood of noble Stuart bought
 Safety for Richmond from the dashing raid
 By Sheridan against that city made.
 Ne'er beat a truer heart, nor knightlier hand 505
 E'er drew a blade for our fair Southern land,
 Which all disconsolate wept at the bier

*Major-General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts.

†These cadets were commanded by Colonel Scott Ship of the Virginia Military Institute.

Of her gay-hearted, Christian cavalier.
Near the North Anna's stream no nobler life
Went out amid the tumult of the strife, 510
Than that of Edward Willis loved so well
By heroes in whose hearts his virtues dwell.
Bethesda Church saw fall of gallant Doles
In front with bravest of the noble souls,
Who marched and dared all things with Robert
Lee, 515
To keep their cherished South forever free.
The valiant Philip Cook then took his place,
Brave, like his fallen friend, the foe to face.
He, when by painful wound kept from the field,
Did not at home to well-earned leisure yield. 520
But served his State in legislative hall
Till strength allowed return to battle's call.
And now a space, my gentle Muse, employ
To sing the praise of one brave Georgia boy.
James Hilliard, who wore private's uniform, 525
Sore wounded fell in Spottsylvania's storm,
When Gordon's men had onward pushed their way
To "Bloody Angle's" base on twelfth of May.
Over him more than once the battle surged,
In charge and counter-charge by heroes urged. 530
When after night the conflict ended here
And near four hundred yards toward the rear
A new line joined our works on left and right
Making the salient useless for new fight,
Left there alone with neither friend nor foe, 535
At first he knew not whither he should go.
The noble lad, with in each hip a wound,
Found no one near to raise him from the ground.
Though painful, when he stirred, did each hurt
prove,
Himself he dragged, few inches at each move, 540
And persevered four hours till, wish achieved,
He found his friends and by them was relieved.
Now borne away on stretcher to the rear,
A noble-looking horseman, riding near,
From litter-bearers all this story heard, 545
His soul with admiration deeply stirred.
Patting the cheek of that young beardless lad,
With words of cheer he made his spirit glad;

"My boy, you are a soldier brave and true,
For country's cause such gallant things to do." 550
How throbbed his heart with pride and joy to see,
The one who praised him thus was Robert Lee!
After Cold Harbor's strong, death-dealing blow,
That brought Grant's plan for taking Richmond
low,

Lee from his lines bade Breckinridge to move 555
With men who to each task would faithful prove,
Lynchburg to save from Hunter's vandal hand,
With sword and torch then marching through the
land.

Next he detached his gallant second corps
To add to Breckinridge some thousands more, 560
All these, by stalwart Jubal Early led,
To rescue the fair city quickly sped.
But Hunter waited not th' avenging hand
Lifted to strike with might his plund'ring band.
For more than sixty miles was pressed the chase 565
In Hunter's hasty flight and change of base.
Then to the northward Early quickly turned
With heroes whose proud hearts for great deeds
burned.

Barefoot though many were and none o'erfed
They joyful marched where'er their chieftain led, 570
Their sight regaled by promise of the fields
That prospect gave of future bounteous yields,
And hearts made glad by glance from beauty's
eyes

That greeted them with smiles of glad surprise,
Recalling scenes of march two years before 575
With "Stonewall" in this same fair Shenandoah.
Shoes soon received, they all in better plight
And beckoned on by smile of Hope so bright,
O'er the Potomac Sigel's army swept
And into Maryland straight onward kept. 580

Lew Wallace on Monocacy's fair banks
Had formed his line with strongly posted ranks,
While Rickett's brave division, promptly sent
From Grant's command, their stout assistance
lent.

Though they had marched full fourteen miles that
day; 585
Early's brave men prepared to force their way.

McClernand's horsemen fell on Fed'ral flank
While King's and Nelson's guns from western
bank
Poured in their fire and Ramseur in their front
Pushed up with men long tried in battle's brunt. 590
Now in the dashing charge as Gordon led,
His gallant steed by bullet wound fell dead.
Like lightning flash was Gordon on his feet,
With clarion voice cried "Forward!" and as fleet
As startled deer the breaking Fed'ral's fled, 595
While with their chief the gray line onward sped.
Nor did they halt when Evans wounded fell,
Leading in farthest front his boys so well,
And Georgia's Sixty-first was not delayed
Nor in its onward sweep a moment stayed, 600
When brave Van Valkenberg and John Lamar
Died for the cause on foremost verge of war.
In hot pursuit now Rhodes and Ramseur move,
And ringing shouts the South's proud triumph
prove.
The North with bated breath looked anxious on 605
As Early forward marched to Washington.
And what of Grant? Did he his plans give o'er?
And Lee's strong lines decide to try no more?
Of sterner stuff the Northern chief was made.
When Hunter first had marched, as timely aid 610
Grant sent bold Sheridan with troopers brave,
While Lee sent Hampton, Gordonsville to save
And all his railroad lines that northward led,
Then rival horsemen to fierce conflict sped
And at Trevilian Station battle waged, 615
Where 'gainst great odds Wade Hampton now
engaged,
And here with bravest in fierce battle-tide,
McAllister and Whiteford Russel died.
At first was Hampton forced his ground to yield,
While Sheridan, when he had won the field, 620
Destruction's task with eager zeal began
Thinking with ease to work his chieftain's plan.
But Hampton reinforced, with strengthened line,
Sees Fortune's smiles next day to him incline
While Butler guards his left, Fitz Lee his right, 625
Each firmly holding in the stubborn fight,
And, when the second day's brave work is o'er,

'Gainst twofold odds his flags triumphant soar
And Sheridan that night is on the run
With three-fourths of his ordered task un-done. 630
Grant at Cold Harbor saw all hope decline
To fight the conflict out "upon this line";
So leaving Lee on whose flag blazed the names
Of triumphs new, he started for the James;
Then with strong force 'gainst Petersburg pressed
hard; 635

But right is proved Lee's faith in Beauregard,
Who anxiously, yet stoutly, still holds fast
Against assaults from dawn till night that last;
At first with odds against him eight to one,
Decreased each day, till fourth day's setting sun 640
Sees Grant's great host at ev'ry point repelled
By lines of Petersburg so stoutly held.
Commands that thus faced odds of eight to one
Should wear Fame's wreath till Earth's last set-
ting sun—

Such deeds hath song or story rarely told 645
In recent years, or in the times of old—
Archer's militia, Dearing's horsemen brave
And guns of Sturdivant whose banners wave
On foremost line, which all the nerve employs
Of Twenty-sixth Virginia's veteran boys, 650
And Thirty-fourth and Forty-sixth as true
And Georgia's Sixty-fourth, so prompt to do
Whate'er their country bids, and Twenty-third
Whose deeds the pride of South Carolina stirred;
All these led on by gallant Henry Wise 655
To desp'rate task, that utmost valor tries.
Odds were diminished first by Hagood's men,
By Alfred Colquitt's next, by Clingman's then
And Gracie by forced march brought timely aid.
While Pickett, Field, Kershaw most certain made 660
The holding of our line, till odds fourfold
Recoiled before defense so firm and bold.
While A. P. Hill now blocked the moves of Meade
And rendered help wherever there was need,
Wade Hampton's star again resplendent rose 665
O'er Kautz' and Wilson's rout and scattered foes.

As Grant prepares new onset yet to make,
Tidings of Early's march the Northland shake,

Causing him now aggression to forego
And hasten troops to check bold Southern foe. 670
How dark to Northern hearts was this dread hour
And how they trembled at the Southron's power!
Nor breathed quite free on Early's prompt retreat,
When stronger force from Grant about to meet,
And, oh! what dire alarm again they felt 675
At sudden blow on Union forces dealt,
When Crook o'er the Potomac fled amain
And Southern troops on Northern soil again
Through Maryland to Pennsylvania sped
And filled each fearful soul with doubt and dread! 680
And glad on Southern view Hope's bright smile
beams

As the proud starry cross in triumph streams
O'er Pennsylvania's and Virginia's soil,
While Grant's strong legions in defeat recoil
At the dread Crater's most disastrous fight, 685
That smites with blasting stroke his boasted might;
While down in Georgia Sherman, held at bay,
Lacks for a time the strength to push his way
And Wheeler keeps Hood's roads from raiders
free
And Forrest sweeps through western Tennessee. 690



WITH FATE AGAINST THEM.

BOOK VI.

Now O'er the South Invasion's Billows Roll.

Valor and skill can not forever win
'Gainst growing odds without and want within,
And vict'ries e'en, at cost of means and men,
That in no way can be supplied again,
Must end at last in bitter, dire defeat, 5
With naught from triumphs left but mem'ries
sweet.
So star of Southern hope from zenith high,
Ere long was moving down the dark'ning sky.
For, as the summer closed, Atlanta's fall
Brought to our arms the direst blow of all 10
And blighted dawning hope for equal peace,
That would with justice make war's horrors cease.
Next in the Shenandoah come sad defeats,
Though ev'ry ill our army bravely meets,
And hope, like blazing meteor, gleams once more, 15
When, ah! so proudly Southern banners soar
At Cedar Creek that bright October morn
O'er routed Fed'ral troops at early dawn.
Alas, for fatal halt so many hours,
Till beaten foes could rally all their powers 20
And gather their great odds in whelming might
'To chill new hope with sad disaster's blight!
But Early, whom misfortune could not daunt,
Did yet at Sheridan his banners flaunt
Next month on north of Cedar Creek two days, 25
While late triumphant chief in camp delays,
Nor sallies forth to strike another blow
At his twice vanquished, yet still fearless foe.
When eighteen sixty-four to end now came,
Lee's gallant host of ever glorious name 30
Still held Virginia stoutly in its clasp,
Nor from o'erwhelming odds relaxed its grasp.

Ah! could Joe Johnston thus have held his own,
 Or forlorn hope with gallant Hood have shown
 Success the like of this defense so grand, 35
 Proud triumph might have crowned the Southern
 land.

Yet blame for these grand chiefs there should not
 be;

God to our cause gave but one Robert Lee.

Atlanta's siege and all the stern array
 Of armies marshaled for the dreadful fray, 40
 When North and South in bitter conflict met
 And Georgia's soil with patriot blood was wet,
 Be now the theme of my advent'rous song:.

Assist, kind Muse, their valor to prolong.
 For full three years embattled hosts had fought, 45
 Complete success with toil and blood had sought,
 But fickle Fortune did her smiles bestow

On one brave host, then on its gallant foe.
 When gloomy winter days have passed away,
 And sweetly bloom the flowers of lovely May, 50
 From winter quarters all the soldiers come,
 Aroused by notes of bugle, fife and drum.

"Union!" the sturdy Northman's battle cry;
 "State Rights!" the fiery Southron's bold reply.
 These rival shouts had often brought to light 55

As gallant deeds as e'er were seen in fight,
 And now in deadly grapple once again
 Shall close these armies of heroic men.

Under Joe Johnston's skillful guiding hand
 Confed'rates hoped to firmly hold their land, 60
 To rival Chickamauga's glorious fame,

And thus of Mission Ridge blot out the name
 That caused the Fed'ral heart to throb with pride,
 And hope for certain triumph to its side.

Around fair Dalton form the hostile lines; * 65
 Valor with hope and patriot zeal combines

To stir each host to great and gallant deeds.
 Against Dug Gap his Fed'ral's Gearv leads;
 Reynolds and Grigsby force them back again,
 And the Confed'rate yell wakes hill and plain, 70
 Five times repeated, as the ground they held,

*The Georgia campaign began on the same day that Grant began his overland campaign May 5, 1864.

And fierce assaults at Rocky Face repelled.
At Mill Creek Bate and Stewart barred the way,
Cantey was at Resaca, there to stay,
Nor to McPherson's bold advance gave back, 75
While Johnston hastily supplied his lack,
With Hindman ready for the fiercest fray,
And Cleburne's men who always won the day,
And Walker who so bravely ever stood,
All under orders of the gallant Hood. 80
Around Resaca now the armies formed,
And for two days the furious combat stormed.
Though firmly here Joe Johnston held his ground,
Another force brave Wheeler's horsemen found
Moving to south and west, their lines to turn; 85
And, though the Southern soldiers' hearts all burn
To try the issue on one well-fought field,
Their leader deems it best this point to yield
And make his move to Sherman's correspond.
Near Cassville next his expectation fond 90
To bring his foe to battle as he willed
Joe Johnston thought about to be fulfilled.
His orders set the soldiers' hearts aflame;
They greet the promised fight with loud acclaim;
For weary of the deadly skirmish line, 95
To end the campaign now their souls incline.
O lovely day! with nature's face so fair,
While scent of clover-blossoms filled the air;
The dew-drops glistened on the grass-clad hills,
And at their feet flowed gently murm'ring rills. 100
Ah! peaceful scene! How sad to think ere night
On manly forms should darkly fall death's blight!
O, never can my heart that day forget,
When noble Legare Hill* his death-stroke met;
One moment blooming in young manhood's
pride, 105
The next one dead, his sorrowing friends beside.
Two comrades bore him to a humble cot;
The Union marksmen saw, but harmed them not.
Before the door they gently laid the dead,
Then smoothed the curly locks about his head 110
And on his jacket pinned the hero's name,
Hoping that gen'rous foes would see the same,

*Son of Hon. Joshua Hill, of Madison, Ga.

And to their friend a fitting burial give.
And this they did; ah; let the story live!
The foemen placed a head-board at the mound, 115
And on it carved the name which they had found.
That day in skirmishing was wholly spent;
At night our chieftains to a council went.
Councils of war, they say do never fight,
And so this time it proved; for ere daylight 120
Had come, we all were on our weary way,
And crossed the Etowah that very day.
From Dallas to the railroad next extend
The long Confed'rate lines, where now we spend
The time in fight and marches to and fro, 125
Wherever we are called to meet the foe.
No gen'ral battle on these lines occurred,
Yet day and night the crash of arms was heard,
The musket's rattle and the cannon's roar,
And shouts of skirmishers, as evermore 130
These wooded dales and rugged hills among
Was song of shells and whistling minies sung.
At salient points fierce combats often raged,
But never at all points was battle waged.
At New Hope Church Joe Hooker tried his hand, 135
But was repelled by Stewart's gallant band,
While cannon's roar and thunder mingled came
With lightning's flash and musket's sheet of flame.
At Pickett's Mill next Howard tried to pierce
The valiant Southern line, but found too fierce 140
The fire of Cleburne's firm and steady van,
Kelly, Granbury, Bancum and Govan,
And Lowrey's men who joined them in the fray,
All fighting bravely, till they gained the day.
At Dallas, Bate McPherson's men assailed, 145
But to break through the Union lines he failed,
Though braver conflict ne'er was waged than then
By Tyler's, Lewis's and Finley's men.
And now in digging, marching and in fight,
From early dawn until the dewy night, 150
Wrestled the struggling hosts from left to right.
Decisive triumph neither side could win,
And each new day saw strife anew begin.
Pine Mountain witnessed fall of valiant Polk,
Who, when the South's first call her sons awoke 155

To war, his armor buckled promptly on.
Through dangers many he thus far had gone,
And oft escaped unscathed; but now, alas!
Death smote our brave, our loved Leonidas.
Of the sad war how great had been the cost! 160
What matchless heroes had our Southland lost!
First Albert Sidney Johnston, far the best
Of all our gallant leaders of the West;
'Then peerless Stonewall, bulwark of our host,
Virginia's pride and all the Southland's boast; 165
And knightly Stuart, whose bright gleaming blade
Had oft a path through thronging foemen made.
How did we mourn these mighty leaders dead,
For whose dear lives so many prayers had plead!
And now another of the highest rank 170
In list of chieftains one more fatal blank
Had left; and more we'd lost of high renown,
Whose deeds in thrilling story have come down;
And countless heroes, of whom not a name
Has been recorded on the scroll of fame, 175
Whose death as sadly made fond loved ones
mourn,
And rendered many a happy home forlorn.
Twin Kennesaw, from whose high peaks unfold
Vistas as fair as one can oft behold,
Next saw the armies round its sides and base, 180
The battle's dreadful storm prepared to face.
In front and on each flank through hill and dale
Strong lines of skirmishers their foes assail,
While frequent roar of furious cannonade
With din of small arms warlike concert made. 185
Hood's men are charged by Hooker and Schofield,
But Stevenson and Hindman do not yield,
And charging now in turn they also fail
Over their gallant foemen to prevail.
One morn, the twenty-seventh day of June, 190
All nature's voices seemed to be in tune,
As woodland songsters joined in sweetest lays
Warbling so joyously their notes of praise,
Into this peaceful scene fell Discord came
With fierce Bellona's all devouring flame. 195
For Sherman's armies in one vast array
Marshaled to try the issue of the day,

And by one mighty effort put to rout
The Southern lines so steady, bold and stout.
Artill'ry shakes the ground with awful crash, 200
And through the air the shells like meteors flash,
While from the Union ranks huzzas are heard:
But louder yet was valor's cry that stirred
Each Southern heart to most heroic deed
And made it strong to follow duty's lead. 205
Brave Logan, strongly helped by Blair and Dodge,
Upon the mountain tried a force to lodge;
But Featherston their onset did repel,
And seven regimental leaders fell.
A furious charge on French's lines was made, 210
But Cockrell's troops with deadly fusillade
Drove their assailants shattered, bleeding back,
And followed them with fire that did not slack.
Through Walker's skirmishers, front, left and right
'th' assaulting columns with resistless might, 215
Like that with which the waves on breakers dash,
Force their quick way; but then at once the clash
Of ringing bayonets and swords is heard,
Wielded by Georgia's gallant Sixty-third,
And butts of muskets freely used and well, 220
While from old Kennesaw the battle yell
Swelled on the air to cheer the little band,
That onward rushed to stay the foemen's hand.
"On, Oglethorpes!"* McLaughlin loudly cried;
With hearty shouts the gallant boys replied 225
And seized again the rifle pits, and fought
As valiant men for home and country ought.
But for few moments only could they stay
The whelming mass that onward pushed its way.
With heavy loss the Southerners retire; 230
But French from Kennesaw now opens fire

*The writer's own company, from Augusta, Ga., attached to the Sixty-third Georgia, the largest company in the regiment, half of whom were on the skirmish line that day under two gallant lieutenants, Blanchard and McLaughlin. The captain, Wilberforce Daniel, and Orderly Sergeant (afterwards Lieutenant) Walter Clark, as brave officers as ever drew swords, were with the other half of the company on the line of battle. Nearly fifty per cent. of the half on the skirmish line that day were killed, wounded or captured. A former captain, Louis Piquet, had lost his leg near New Hope church.

Upon the onward moving lines of blue,
While Allen† and his skirmishes so true,
Upon the hill-crest rally and renew
Their fire, which, aided now by French's guns, 235
Turns back the onset of the Northland's sons.
But through the rolling country south and west,
Cleburne's and Cheatham's men, among the best
Of all the Southern army, held their own,
And thick the ground in front with slain had
strown. 240

The leaves caught fire, and flames were on the way
To wounded foemen on the ground that lay.
Brave Southern men with gentle pity stirred,
With shout that was above the battle heard,
Gave to the foe a truce their men to save.* 245
How well such chivalry befits the brave!
The battle now was o'er, and Sherman's men
To break Joe Johnston's lines had failed again;
For bravely led by Hardee, Loring, Hood,
Firm as a rock the Southern "boys" had stood. 250.

A sad remembrance of that stirring day
Comes to me now and checks my martial lay.
No better man than gallant George Pournelle
E'er for his native country fought and fell.
Whether he died upon that bloody field, 255
Or did in prison his brave spirit yield;
None ever knew. But long his faithful wife
Hoped for his safe return, who was her life.
Just four years later to the very day,
Upon her dying couch that fond wife lay. 260
Her wand'ring thoughts first turned unto her boy,
Of her sad heart the only hope and joy.
"Come, George, my son, and say your evening
prayer,

†J. V. H. Allen, major of the Sixty-third Georgia, commanding Walker's skirmishers on that day.

*Lieutenant-Colonel Wm. H. Martin, seeing that the Union soldiers did not understand, raised a white handkerchief upon a stick as a flag of truce and informed the Federal soldiers that they could rescue their wounded. The Confederates leaped over their breastworks and assisted the Union soldiers in their work. A Federal officer, struck with this magnanimous deed, presented Colonel Martin with his own splendid brace of pistols.

Kneel down, my darling, right beside me—there!
Say sweetly: 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' 265
Say on: 'I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep.'
Then quick her thoughts unto another turned,
And in her glazing eye a faint light burned.
"A band of soldiers on the hill I see,
Yes! George, my love! I'm coming now to thee!" 270
These the last words that on this earth she spoke,
And in our hearts, who heard, assurance woke,
That she in heaven had surely met her love
In the bright fields of joy and peace above.
At Kennesaw had Sherman badly failed 275
With loss four times that of the men assailed.
But a new plan his fertile brain conceived,
Which his great loss to great extent retrieved;
He held his front with force more strong than those
Who firmly stood his onward march t' oppose; 280
Then sent another round the left to go,
And thus outflank his brave and wary foe.
Sherman had thought that, should his plain suc-
ceed,
Full many a pris'ner he would captive lead,
And that our guns on Kennesaw's steep slope 285
Would then be lost to us beyond all hope.
But Johnston's men upon the mountain staid
Till ev'ry gun was down its side conveyed,
And skillfully maneuv'ring backward moved,
And for their cunning foe too wary proved. 290
Though Sherman tried to press on front and flank,
Johnston at leisure reached the river's bank,
Then o'er the Chattahoochee safely crossed,
With not a gun, not e'en a wagon lost.
Wondrous retreat! In not a single fight 295
Had Johnston's forces e'er been put to flight,
But in each battle stoutly had repelled
Superior numbers and their lines had held,
And when some flanking movement caused retreat,
With ready courage they the foe would meet, 300
And steady front with blazing line of fire
That forced unwilling halt; then slow retire.
But 'twas retreat and not what they had thought
Would happen, where and whensoever they fought.
And yet Joe Johnston trusting, they were sure 305
He soon would vict'ry for their arms secure.

They were as ever ready for the fight,
And still they felt their chief would manage right.
Not so at Richmond: for there was a fear
That the Gate City's certain fall was near. 310
Another leader 'twas resolved to try,
At once to set the skillful Johnston by,
And in his place to put the dashing Hood,
Who stoutly, firmly swore he never would
One foot more yield without a manly fight 315
To hold the land that was our own by right.
About the merits of these chieftains we
Unanimous in all things ne'er can be,
But on this point must ev'ry man agree:
Each hero was a true and valiant knight, 320
Who fought his very best for country's right.

Atlanta's fall would open wide the gate,
Through which his armies marching, strong and
great,
Sherman could lead, with devastating blight,
To sweep the land and o'er it spread the night 325
Of utter ruin, as he marked his path
By light of burning homes and cut a swath
Through ravaged fields and devastated lands,
Whose helpless people, robbed by "bummer"
bands,
Might all be left to starve for aught he cared. 330
This to prevent our crippled hero dared*
To try the boldest methods, as he must,
Or see Atlanta buried in the dust
Of sad destruction, while her mournful fall
Should bring dark ruin on the hopes of all. 335
Desp'rate the task before our men that lay
To keep the thronging hosts of foes at bay.
Whom not our mountain strongholds had kept
back,
Would they now in the lower lands find lack
Of means to force again their onward way? 340
Ah! could we now the stronger army stay?
That was the question Hood was forced to meet.
Farther retreat, he thought, meant sure defeat;
So whether Sherman flanked to left or right,

*Hood had been disabled in one arm at Gettysburg, and
had lost a leg at Chickamauga.

He was resolved to strike with all his might. 345
 At Peachtree Creek a heavy blow was dealt;
 Hardee and Stewart made their presence felt
 In charging masses that at points broke through
 The hostile works; but as the billows do,
 When up the beach they move with sudden rush, 350
 And ev'rything before them swiftly brush,
 Then reflux roll; th' assailants thus again
 By guns of Thomas forced with loss of men
 Recoil; and ere the charge can be renewed,
 Or other needed measures be pursued, 355
 Pat Cleburne must be sent to brace the right,
 Where Wheeler waged a bold and desp'rate fight.
 The right was saved, and farther charge forbid,
 And dark'ning night the fierce combatants hid,
 Thus forcing peace until the dawn of day. 360
 Sherman was moving still in his old way,
 Hoping, that if in fight he could not rout
 The Southern soldiers, he could turn them out
 And seize his prize. But dauntless Hood was there,
 And bade his leaders once again prepare 365
 To hurl their columns with resistless might
 Against the Union flankers on his right.
 July the twenty-second was the day,
 That brought the rival armies to the fray,
 That fiercest proved of all the long campaign. 370
 Hardee and Wheeler stuck their left amain,
 While Cheatham charged and stoutly pressed the
 fight,
 And Smith's State troops toward the Union right,
 And Stewart's valiant men, so strong and bold,
 All bravely fought like gallant knights of old. 375
 McPherson fell upon the Union side,
 And Walker's blood the soil of Georgia dyed,*
 Each one a hero and a patriot, too,
 Doing the very best than man can do,
 For what with all his soul he deemed the right. 380
 And now into the thickest of the fight
 Pat Cleburne led his own and Walker's men,
 Who made the echoing forests ring again
 With what the Yankees called the "rebel yell";

*General Wm. H. T. Walker, of Georgia.

And louder that inspiring cry arose, 385
As Cheatham charged right down upon his foes.
Then Manigault with Irwin Walker true,
Led their strong men against the lines of blue,
And L. P. Thomas, from Stovall's command,
With the stout foemen grappled hand to hand. 390
Both these brigades broke through and captured
guns,

Driving from out their works the Northland's sons.
The battle raged and many a man went down,
But none more valiant than was John M. Brown;
Albert and Evan Howell bravely too 395
Led to the fight their stalwart men so true.
But Logan brought fresh masses to the field,
And tried to force the Southern line to yield.
Furious the fight, and men were falling fast;
Against o'erwhelming force no strength could
last; 400

Slowly at length the Southern line goes back.
The Union men retake their works, but lack
The needed strength to farther press the fight.
Hardee still firmly held upon his right
Part of the works assailed, and proudly bore 405
Eight captured guns as trophies, while five more
Were Cheatham's prize, whose valiant men delight
To talk e'en now about their gallant fight.
Each side claimed vict'ry on this well-fought day;
But Sherman flanked no more toward that way. 410
The next week over on the other side
At Ezra church, the game of war was tried,
And here again led on by Stephen Lee
Was shown a valor one can seldom see.
Time fails me all the gallant deeds to tell 415
*Of Wheeler, Kelly, Jackson and Dibrell,
Of Martin, Armstrong, Iverson and Ross,
Who faltered not to count the gain or loss,

*Lieutenant-General Joseph Wheeler commanded a magnificent corps of cavalry. the brigade and division commanders of which are here named. During the deadlock around Atlanta they gained two magnificent victories over Sherman's cavalry defeating the expeditions of McCook and Stoneman with a loss to the enemy of nearly three thousand men. They also scored many other successes of less note.

But to their country gave its utmost dues ;
 Of Roddy, Av'ry, Ferguson and Crews, 420
 And Ashby, like Virginia kinsman, brave
 And Prather in the front where banners wave,
 Who, with their valiant men so strong and bold,
 As firm as any gallant knights of old,
 Oft showed what Southern boys would gladly do, 425
 Impelled by love of country strong and true.
 And equal praise is Hume's or Allen's meed,
 Or Anderson's or Grigsby's, who in need,
 With Harrison and Hannon were on hand,
 To meet and scatter ev'ry raiding band. 430
 How many a vict'ry by these horsemen won
 Cheered the brave men who, toiling in the sun
 And dust and dirt, behind the trenches lay,
 Striving to keep their thronging foes at bay.
 How gladly would we mention all that led, 435
 And all who fought or for their country bled.
 The batt'ries too; without their timely aid
 No long defence could ever have been made.
 So num'rous they, that we can only name
 Their chief in every corps, whose happy fame 440
 By leading such brave men was made secure;
 Melanchthon Smith's and Beckham's names en-
 dure,
 And Hallonquist and Williams well we know,
 And Robertson and Hamilton, not slow
 To meet each movement of their active foe; 445
 And over all was Shoup, whose timely aid
 Was always ready when some move was made.
 To him and Presstman much the army owed,
 And high esteem for them the chieftains showed.
 And oft good news from other quarters came, 450
 Where the dread "Wizard of the Saddle's"* name
 Struck terror deep into the foemen's soul,
 While the fierce battle-cry did upward roll
 As his gray columns with resistless might
 Swept all before them in disastrous plight 455
 And utter rout, when in confusion blent,
 Horsemen and footmen, guns and wagons went
 In headlong haste to find a safe retreat
 From gleaming blades they dared not wait to meet,

*General N. B. Forrest.

The while that Forrest kept his border free 460
In Mississippi and in Tennessee.
And from Virginia's proud, illustrious land,
Where matchless Lee led matchless hero band
Whose hearts 'mid greatest perils never quailed,
Nor 'gainst most fearful odds had ever failed 465
To keep the Southern banner floating high
Under the Old Dominion's glorious sky,
Came cheering news, as field on field was won
By deeds than which no braver e'er were done,
As Lee kept stubborn Grant so long at bay, 470
And 'gainst most desp'rate efforts won the day,
While northward a swift thunderbolt he launched,
That, as it sped, his foemen's faces blanched
With dreadful fear lest their own capital
Were destined 'neath these sturdy blows to fall. 475
Atlanta's brave defenders' hearts were stirred
To emulate these deeds, of which they heard,
And filled with high resolve they did their best,
The vict'ry from persistent foes to wrest.
In August sadly our good city fared; 480
Children, old men and gentle women shared
The dangers of the soldiers in the front,
Who of long weary battles bore the brunt.
For Sherman's shells were falling thick and fast
With iron hail, that for a month did last. 485
'Twas very sad, yet passing strange to see
How from the hail of shells secure to be
Their little forts they built beneath the ground,
And oft' both night and day a refuge found.
Yet not one word of yielding e'er was heard 490
From those brave hearts by love of country stirred.
At last our hard-beleagured city fell,
But not by storming hosts, nor rain of shell;
Lines of supply were cut on ev'ry hand,
And nothing more was left to Hood's brave band 495
Than safe retreat. Though shattered, beaten not,
He marched to try on other fields his lot.
Of the destruction that befell the town,
And how in utter ruin it went down,
Alas! alas! how dreadful 'tis to tell! 500
We all remember the sad story well.
First, by the Northern Chieftain's stern decree,

Its people from their homes were forced to flee;
 Then next, the torch was ruthlessly applied,
 And, while the exiles' hopes in sorrow died 505
 As the red conflagration mounted high,
 There floated upward to the glowing sky
 Gay martial strains, that mocked at brothers' woes
 And showed how hardened were the hearts of
 those

Who could forget, how once for Freedom's land 510
 At Fort McHenry stood a hero band
 Whose triumph to a nation's song gave birth,
 Full of sweet promise to th' oppressed of earth,
 Breathing a holy prayer for all who stand
 Between war's terrors and their native land. 515
 A short while northward Hood with his brave men
 Had by flank march drawn Sherman back again,
 And on one autumn morn hope brightly beamed,
 When French's gallant banners proudly streamed 520
 O'er Allatoona's field so nearly won.
 But, ere his well-planned work is fully done,
 French must retire before th' approaching host,
 That brings relief to nearly vanquished post.
 Once more in hope the falling cause to save,
 In Tennessee the blue cross banners wave. 525
 But tell me not of Franklin's bloody day,
 Where Cleburne died, while thickly round him lay
 The valiant men whom he so oft had led,
 Where patriots for home and country bled.
 And with this gallant "Stonewall of the West" 530
 So many of the bravest and the best
 Of the great leaders of that noble host
 Died for the land their spirits cherished most.
 No more Granbury's* gleaming blade shall flash,
 Nor Adams† 'gainst the foeman's breastworks
 dash, 535
 Nor Gist‡ ride down his line so firm and strong,

*Brigadier-General Hiram B. Granbury, leader of the famous Texas brigade.

†Brigadier-General John Adams, of Tennessee, who fell mortally wounded, as he rode his horse across the enemy's works.

‡Brigadier-General States Rights Gist, of South Carolina, who died at the head of his advancing men, just after riding down his line and cheering them on.

Nor Strahl§ cheer on the men he led so long,
Nor Carter|| strive from hostile grasp to free
His well-beloved, his noble Tennessee.
Now from my sight hide Nashville's fatal field, 540
Where broken were the Southland's spear and
shield.

Army of Tennessee! though smitten sore,
In triumph did thy banners wave once more
For one short brilliant hour at Bentonville,
And once again did hope thy bosom thrill. 545
But ere the well-earned victory was scored,
Fresh troops the foemen's wav'ring lines restored.
Then tidings sad from Lee's brave army came,
How Pickett and his men of glorious fame
At Five Forks failed, though gallant was their
fight, 550

Where W. H. F. Lee for country's right,
A noble son of noble father, led
Bold horsemen, true as e'er for vict'ry bled.
And sad the tidings were of A. P. Hill,
Whose spirit took its flight 'mid war-cry's thrill, 555
And whose last gaze the starry cross beholds,
As stream o'er battle-line its waving folds.
Then soon, ah! soon, there came the mournful fall,
And Appomattox was the end of all!
Our fondest hopes went down in dark'ning
shades, 560

Illumed an instant by the flashing blades
Of Gordon,* Evans and of Fitzhugh Lee,
Leading the headlong charge so grand to see,
Which graced the parting of that Spartan band
Who fought with Robert Lee for Dixie's land. 565
The cause so dear to Southern hearts was lost!
And yet, though terrible had been the cost,
The South's brave sons had won undying fame,
And crowned with glory the Confederate name.

§ Brigadier-General Otho French Strahl, of Tennessee, who was shot down inside the enemy's outer works and close to their last line.

|| Brigadier-General John Carter, of Tennessee, who fell mortally wounded near the enemy's works.

* John B. Gordon and Olemant A. Evans, of Georgia, and Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia.



GLORIA VICTIS.

**Baltimore Monument—To the Confederate Soldiers and Sailors
of Maryland.**

BOOK VII.

The Battle-Storms are Hushed, the Banner's Furled.

When battle-storms were hushed and banners
furled
And light of peace beamed o'er the western world,
The fates of war, less stern than they then seemed,
Nor wholly cruel, as we one time deemed,
Bade for the Union palms of victory wave 5
And to the vanquished wreaths of glory gave.
When marched down Pennsylvania avenue
Sherman's and Grant's arrays in proud review,
No juster or more long-enduring pride
Could in their glad, exultant hearts abide, 10
Than that, which failed not comfort sweet to bring
To all Confederate breasts and drew the sting
From sad defeat, as homeward now they came
With all things lost, except an honored name.
They knew their record all the world would see 15
And prouder felt to share defeat with Lee,
Than victor's wreath with noblest chief of all
That answered to the haughty North's roll-call.
So felt they then; yet more, so feel they now,
When Fame with glory crowns the South's fair
brow. 20
How does each Southern heart with rapture thrill
And what emotions each proud bosom fill,
As tale of triumphs o'er great odds we read
And of them all can find no prouder deed,
Than when with right arm Lee held back Grant's
clasp 25
That Petersburg and Richmond sought to grasp,
While with his left he northward launched a blow
That struck dismay into his mighty foe.
And thus for months held proud Virginia's land
'Gainst thronging hosts that swarmed on ev'ry
hand. 30

For his superb defense 'gainst odds so vast
 Green on Lee's brow Fame's wreath shall ever
 last,

And to each marshaled host since time began
 The proud South says: "Now match him, if you
 can!"

When home their footsteps our sad soldiers
 turned, 35

This thought, we say, within their bosoms burned:
 "All has been lost except an honored name."

No shouting throngs now cheered them as they
 came;

Yet soon they found, they were not quite bereft
 Of ev'ry good, but that the best was left. 40

Love with bright smiles and fond encircling arms
 Banished from saddened hearts all dire alarms,
 And from the ragged reb dispelled were sighs
 As love and pride beamed forth from those sweet
 eyes,

That saw in him a hero true and grand 45
 Who'd done great deeds for their dear native land.

There is one soldier who will ne'er forget
 The thrilling joy that lingers with him yet;
 How forth to greet him came his lovely wife,
 Sweetheart of youth and crown of manhood's life. 50

E'en ere her arms so fair round him were thrown,
 From his glad heart had mournful sorrows flown,
 And trouble fled and leaped his soul for joy
 When led by her to crib where lay their boy,
 Who just then waking opened his blue eyes, 55

In which was puzzled look of strange surprise,
 And with sweet baby lips exclaimed "Papa!"
 How did he know? What is the secret? Ah!

From that so long to be remembered day,
 When to Joe Johnston's host he went away, 60
 The soldier's wife talked to her baby boy

Of him who was her true heart's greatest joy,
 And so oft showed the picture of his sire,
 That expectation strong and fond desire
 To see that father in the infant woke, 65

And from such teaching the boy knew and spoke.
 Through perils many had the father passed
 In battles and in prison, till at last
 Near three months after Appomattox day

From prison to sweet home he found his way. 70
And sorely had that noble wife been tried,
Who long weeks feared, lest her beloved had died
In skirmish that had ushered in the fight
At Kennesaw, where Sherman felt the might
Of brave Joe Johnston's valiant Southern host 75
And of his battles suffered here the most.
When Walker's skirmishers essayed to stay
The whelming mass, that onward pushed its way,
The charging lines broke through and captured
men
Whom, though repulsed, they carried back again. 80
'Mongst those who to Camp Douglas were conveyed
Her husband was, and two months there he staid,
Ere she had learned that he was living yet.
Those anxious weeks she never could forget,
Nor he the dreary months of prison life 85
With dangers oft and hardships ever rife
For those who, faithful to the Southern Cross,
Of all things willing were to bear the loss,
To all the foe's enticements would not bend
And to their cause were loyal to the end. 90
To him was given also welcome sweet
From parents of them both, rejoiced to greet
The dear one who had been so long from home,
Safe coming back at last, no more to roam.
O'er the wife's parents sorrow's waves had rolled 95
In loss of son so noble and so bold,
Young Captain Henry Osborne, whose sad death
Brought grief that lasted till their latest breath.
Mixed joy and sadness in that mother's face
Gave to her greeting sweetest charm and grace: 100
"We've lost so much, but, thank God! have you
yet,
And blessings left us we will not forget."*
But many a soldier went where once stood home
And found that there war's chilling blight had
come.
His dwelling lay in ashes on the ground 105
And of farm buildings not a trace was found

* As near her exact words as can be put into verse. See Book Fourth, lines 97-108; also lines 195-210.

Save blackened ruins; desolation vast,
With Eden that he'd left in sad contrast!
In spite of struggle brave, a scalding tear
Stained the bronzed cheek that ne'er had blanched
with fear, 110

And deep convulsive sobs shook that strong frame
That had the war-storm dared in country's name.
While thus despair was seizing on his heart,
From reveries sad he woke with sudden start.
For from a little hut on wooded hill 115
One who'd been watching long and watched there
still

With many anxious fears and weary sighs,
In spite of his changed looks and ragged guise,
Said, as she saw him: "Surely, that is he!"
And running with fast beating heart to see, 120

With full assurance, as she nearer came,
In glad, yet trembling accents, spoke his name.
Turning, he saw the love-light in her eye
And clasped her to his breast with joyous cry.
The children, too, who'd followed mother fast 125
To see if he had really come at last

For whom they all had watched and waited long,
With joys unclouded that to youth belong,
And hearts from cares for future wholly free,
Shouted: "Dear father!" in their childish glee. 130

Then fond caresses and brave words of cheer
Dried on his cheek the unavailing tear,
With new-born hope aroused his valiant soul
And made his sorrow-laden spirit whole.

Transformed he was and ready to begin 135
The struggle that would fortune some day win.
And now was born the resolution bold,
That courage gave to face woes yet untold
And in the forum bravely wage the fight,
That in the field he'd lost, for Southern right. 140

The story of Miles Thornton well hath stirred
The souls of all who e'er the tale have heard.
In Gordon's brilliant charge at Cedar Creek
He, always ready danger's post to seek,
Just at the turn in fortunes of the day, 145
When Early's men were forced to move away,
In his right leg received a dreadful wound
Which brought him badly mangled to the ground.

But this young corporal of valiant heart
With two inverted guns now made a start 150
To hobble from the field; but second shot
His right arm shattered and the dreaded lot
Of wounded captive left him with his foes;
To glorious morn how sad at eve the close!
Thence to West building borne in Baltimore 155
With both limbs gone, what could he then do
more?
Surely he gave up now in blank despair?
Not so; for a true hero's soul was there.
A nurse in hospital at his request
A piece of poplar brought and now, as best, 160
Propped up in bed, he could, with pocketknife
In his left hand he worked as for dear life,
And persevering shaped at last a limb,
Which, he always declared, just suited him.
In sixty days, with heart 'gainst fate so stout, 165
To help new wounded friends he moved about.
When peace, such as it was, at last had come,
A willing heart for work he showed at home
And won his way to that for which he tried
And with proud honors gained he lived and died. 170
'Mid trials each true Southern soldier's heart
Aided him thus to act a manly part.
In darkest hours an equal courage showed
Brave Southern women, God's rich gift, bestowed
'On Southern manhood, if in war or peace, 175
'Mid storm-cloud's rage or in the sweet surcease
That comes to those who life's hard battles win
O'er foes without or doubts and fears within.
The heroines of Dixie fame had won
Through all the years while war's sad course was
run 180
And children yet unborn will stories learn,
At whose recital their young hearts will burn.
Privation all had borne, some, most severe,
E'en dreadful want, all, anxious fear
For loved ones at the front; yet their brave
hearts 185
Had helped them ever to act well their parts.
E'en in fierce sieges bore they long and well,
Like heroes true, the fiery rain of shell,
And sometimes patriot ardor made them share

Perils that only men are wont to dare.* 190
 When Forrest pressed the chase for band of
 Streight
 With purpose stern as the decrees of Fate,
 How bravely that young Alabama girl
 Who faced the hissing minies' deadly swirl,
 Led Forrest and his horsemen to the ford 195
 O'er which in swift pursuit those heroes poured!
 And while we give this daring deed to Fame,
 We must remember Emma Sanson's name.
 When Early's valiant men first met defeat
 And through sad Winchester made their retreat, 200
 Gordon's brave-hearted wife 'mid shot and shell
 With words heroic cheered the soldiers well.
 The widow of Hugh Lee for just such deed
 Deserves on honor's roll the self-same meed;
 And poet's lays should equal praises yield 205
 To Mary Bradford on the fatal field,
 Where that to Southern arms disastrous day
 Made long remembered Nashville's bloody fray.
 'Twas Mississippi's daughter true and brave,
 That to devouring flames her rich crop gave 210
 And thus did poverty with free heart choose,
 Rather than foes of South its wealth should use.
 O that we knew the patriot lady's name,
 That we might write it on the roll of Fame!
 Upon the battle-field a soldier lay 215
 Third evening after Winchester's sad day,
 Young Randolph Ridgley, oft in battle tried—
 None braver e'er for country fought or died—
 From the fair city gentle women came
 On mercy bent, in tender pity's name. 220
 Miss Tillie Russell, moved by noble love,
 As sweet and pure as that of saints above,
 With but one purpose to inspire her heart,
 In helping wounded to perform her part,
 Happened to come where that young soldier lay 225

* All the occurrences narrated in this poem, from the first line of the first book to the last line of the seventh book, are real events, not fiction, and the author appeals without hesitation for the truth of his statements concerning battles and campaigns to the "Official Records," published by the United States government. See also his "Story of the Confederate States," published by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, of Richmond, Va.

And heard a gentle-hearted surgeon say:
"He has not slept by either day or night,
Since here he fell in thickest of the fight;
And without sleep this gallant man must die.
He can not be removed and here must lie." 230
With no thought but to help, she there sat down,
Regardless if her friends should smile or frown,
And gently on her arm she laid his head.
Though night soon o'er the field its mantle spread,
Her charge she guarded with no thought of fear 235
And soon a gentle breathing she could hear.
Knowing that now the wounded soldier slept,
Her faithful vigil all the night she kept.
The Angels of the Lord encamped around,
And watched with tender love the holy ground, 240
Where that true woman sat with sleepless eyes
Trusting with faith protection of the skies.
To that fair lady's heart with pity rife
Was due the sleep that saved the soldier's life.
A stranger he, but wore the Southern gray 245
And for her care that fact was ample pay.
Friends from that time they were, but nothing
more;
Yet such an act, e'en when earth life is o'er,
Will be remembered aye beyond the skies,
Where purest love abides and never dies. 250
Our women, thus in days of war so true,
In darkest hours that followed faithful, too,
With word of cheer, brave heart and ready hand
Gave mighty help to save their stricken land.
Disasters served to make them braver still 255
And stronger ev'ry duty to fulfill
And thus t' inspire the men with courage grand
To firmly stand by home and native land
And, while they kept their oaths, to yet hold fast,
Till principles of fathers win at last. 260
"T was the first Christmas-tide since banners
furled *
Had promised peace throughout our western
world,
When foul assault was made on lovely home,

* The thrilling incident here told occurred on the evening of December 27, 1865, eight months after the end of the war.

That charming sat 'neath Georgia sky's blue
dome.

Close by Augusta negro troops were camped,[†] 265
By deeds of infamy already stamped,
By their own color feared more than by whites,
Who even then were prompt to guard their rights.
Three of the gang, who on that morning came
With airs impertinent, found youngster game, 270
Whose leveled pistol frightened them away;
But coming back toward the close of day,
One shot into the yard and quickly paid
With life the forfeit for attack thus made.
A little party had assembled there; 275
The mother, her three sons, two daughters fair
And two young girls for pleasant visit come—*
Of Christmas joys e'en then there still were some—
And with the lady's sons were two young men,
All bent on merry evening there and then. 280
The interruption sad made all now fear
Lest dreadful danger swiftly would appear.
One visiting young man and second son
Quick to the arsenal were told to run
And for white soldiers ask, the home to guard. 285
Cut off by negro scouts and pressed so hard,
That with their lives they barely got away,
These two were chased till nearly break of day.
To that home meanwhile forty negroes came
Breathing out threats of slaughter and of flame. 290
The ladies to the attic all were sent,
While utmost energy the young men bent
The single stairway stoutly to defend,
Till vict'ry or their death the fight should end.
Their arms were not the best, but they would do 295
For lads in battles tried, whose aim was true.
Through rooms below the murd'rous outlaws roam,
Destruction dealing to that lovely home.
With oaths and vilest threats they fill the air,
As all to charge the stairway now prepare. 300
Two Freemans and Charles Martin at the top
Are ready with true aim their way to stop,

[†] At the arsenal in Summerville, on the Sand Hills, about three miles from the city.

* The Freeman home was between one and two miles from the arsenal and about three miles from Augusta.

While near Miss Lizzie Freeman takes her stand
Having a loaded pistol in her hand.
Bearing a torch the negro leader came; 305
But him swift volley slew and quenched the flame.
'Mid darkness dense his routed foll'wers fled,
Leaving behind their wounded and their dead,
Their flight made swifter by the rebel yell
Which the brave trio rendered loud and well. 310
With fresh arrivals charging and repelled
They now by fear from new assault were held;
But from without with fire through slanting roof
They searched the attic, not 'gainst bullets proof.
Then little Annie Martin knelt and prayed 315
With childish faith that God would send them aid.
She heeded not a ball that grazed her head,
But to the Throne of Grace for help still plead.
Now to the housetop thwarted negroes climb,
Thinking to thus break through in speedy time. 320
Then the besieged, though purpose firm had all
Rather to die than into such hands fall,
Thought in their hearts: "Is hope of rescue past?
How long, O Lord, can our defense thus last?"
Just as it seemed that all was lost, help came, 325
Barely in time to save from death or shame.
White troops with Fed'ral officer appeared
And with kind words the brave defenders cheered.
"Are all yet safe?" in anxious tones he cried.
"Yes!" was the answer. "Thank God!" he re-
plied 330
And bade them all come down. But still they
doubt
Whether new danger lurks for them without.
"That you are friends how can we certain be?"
"On word of Colonel Ruth. Trust now to me."*

*The inmates of the Freeman home on that memorable 27th of December, 1865, were Mrs. E. J. Freeman, a widow; her sons William, nineteen years old, Henry, eighteen years old, and Matthew, fifteen years old; her two daughters, Elizabeth, twenty years old, and Mary, thirteen years old; two visiting young gentlemen, Charles Martin, twenty-five years old, and Milton Park; and two young girls from the city, Mary Wilson, thirteen years old, and Annie Martin, twelve years old. Matthew Freeman was the lad, who, with a leveled pistol, ordered out of the yard that morning three insolent negro soldiers, who had pointed their guns at his mother, threatening to shoot her for requesting them not to

Then they came down and he their story heard 335
 And with unstinted praise their spirits stirred,
 Vowing that 'neath the stars or shining sun
 No more heroic deeds had e'er been done.
 Soon all the negro troops from Georgia went,
 At strong request to Grant through Gordon sent. 340
 But soon there came dark days that, like a pall,
 Seemed to presage sweet Freedom's final fall,
 Days that taxed all the Southland's mighty will
 For rights and liberty to struggle still.
 Then Southern women showed their courage true 345
 And strongly helped the men to dare and do.
 Ah! ne'er for right was stronger battle waged
 Than that which Dixie's true hearts then engaged,
 When Hatred and fell Discord ruled the hour
 And wild fanatics held the reins of power 350
 And in the South inaugurated hell;
 Whose domination foul, remembered well,
 Still makes their names abhorred through all the
 land
 That once was cursed by their polluted band.
 'Twas when the South refused to buy relief 355
 By fixing stigma on each valiant chief,
 Whom she had called to lead her in the fight
 For what she deemed to be her sacred right,
 That men in power ten sovereign States o'erthrew,
 Giving as reason what they knew untrue,* 360
 And then made citizens by law of might,
 Against all principles of sense or right—
 Of ev'ry man belonging to a race
 That never in the past, nor then, could grace
 Th' exalted post thus unto them assigned. 365
 With such constituents just to their mind
 And with elections held through three whole days
 To make secure their dark and devious ways,
 By being certain that their friends in black
 For early votes and often would not lack, 370

drink out of the well-bucket. Henry Freeman and Milton
 Park were the two who were sent out to summon aid. The
 rest passed through that night of horrors at the Freeman
 home.

* See the history of "Reconstruction." in Derry's "Story
 of the Confederate States," published by B. F. Johnson
 Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.

They made State governments that did their will
And ready stood their purpose to fulfill,
Their ignorant dupes deserved nor praise nor
blame;

To them, if good or bad, 'twas all the same—
Whate'er the carpetbaggers bade them do, 375
They stupidly obeyed. That this is true,
All we who lived in those dark days do know.

Then robber taxes struck a heavy blow
To men with fortunes wrecked by war's sad fate,
As was the case in ev'ry prostrate State. 380

Not satisfied with what they'd done to States
Against the South they planned still darker fates
By bill iniquitous, styled "Civil Rights,"

To force equality 'twixt blacks and whites.
This with test oaths and confiscation laws 385
Made men and women mourn for their lost cause.

Four years of war had power not half so great
'Twixt North and South to stir up bitter hate.
The South, through all, true to herself remained,
For liberty the struggle still maintained, 390

Obedied the laws, howe'er unjust they were,
But for the birthright that belonged to her
In courts and congress fought unto the end
And to the tyrants' mandates would not bend.

How bravely Charles J. Jenkins held his ground 395
For rights of Georgia! No usurper found
The "seal executive," which he preserved
Till one was chosen, who its care deserved;
And voice of Georgia's Hill rang through the
land,

As he at tyrants shook defiant hand. 400
Augustus Garland plead for Southern right,
Till in the Court Supreme he won his fight.

For South oppressed brave John B. Gordon stood,
While for good will he did whate'er he could.
White-souled Wade Hampton worked with might
and main 405

For justice and fraternity again.
Friends in the North the South found true and
tried

And taking courage tyrants' power defied.
Then many a man who'd fought us in the field
Encouraged us to stand and never yield. 410

A union they had helped on force to build
By cruel war and blood of brothers spilled;
But still they longed for union of our sires
And altars bright with patriotic fires.
They saw true union of the fathers dead, 415
But hoped that love might bid her lift her head
And from her grave come forth to live again,
Shedding the holy light o'er hill and plain,
That once so gloriously and gladly shone
O'er land that ought to be sweet Freedom's own. 420
The arms of peace with patriot zeal they don
And sword of truth with courage buckle on,
The shield of faith in God and right they bore
And held it the maltreated South before.
Ah! will the South forget the noble men 425
Who, baffled oft, renewed the fight again
And the brave war of ballots still maintained,
Till they for right the glorious day had gained?
At length the mighty North, at heart aye kind,
Knew fear and prejudice had made her blind, 430
Saw what oppressors she had raised to power
And to our rescue came in needful hour.
In east, in west, in center ballots showered
At last the foes of Liberty o'erpowered,
And brothers' shouts in Massachusetts heard * 435
With rising hope the joyful Southland stirred.
Then Love began to claim once more his own
And Hate dismayed leapt from his tottering
throne.
May North and South, each chastened † in her
turn,
From past a lesson of forbearance learn, 440
And wage through courts and ballots all their
fights
For Fed'ral government or for State rights.
Days of fraternal strife, thank God, are past!
Ne'er to return, we trust; nor let there last

* In the congressional elections of 1874 even Massachusetts gave seven thousand majority to the Democrats, who favored the cause of the South.

† The final defeat and humiliation of the South in the Civil War was hardly more than an offset to the many humiliating defeats of the Northern armies.

Heart-burning thoughts of those embittered
years,* 445
Gloom with force, oppression, wrong and tears,
When the mailed hand of unrelenting Hate
Was raised to crush each prostrate Southern State,
Till the great Court Supreme in might arose
And checked the haughty power of Freedom's
foes, 450
While Northern ballots to our rescue came
And from Columbia's shield effaced the shame
Of sov'reign States by sister States oppressed,
And gave from tyranny a grateful rest.
But in our nation's heart let there remain 455
Remembrance of each deed without a stain,
Whether of Northern or of Southern son,
On field by Fed'ral or Confed'rate won,
States long estranged as one grew more to be,
When the whole Nation was rejoiced to see 460
Our loved Confed'rate chieftains, Fitzhugh Lee,
Matt Butler and Joe Wheeler in command
Of marshaled hosts of reunited land.
The Southern cross, 'neath which our soldiers true
Did oft such mighty acts of valor do, 465
Will aye be dear to ev'ry Southern heart,
Nor with its glorious mem'ries would we part
For all that earth can give! Yet true are we
To that old flag which floated proud and free,
When borne by Washington and Harry Lee. 470
If any dare deny the South this meed,
We point to Bagley's death and Hobson's deed;
To Victor Blue who found Cervera's fleet
And helped prepare the way for Spain's defeat;
To Wheeler on the heights of San Juan, 475
And brave Hugh Berkely,† who fresh honors won,
Adding new glory to his gallant sire
And uncles three, who, 'mid the hottest fire
Of Gettysburg fell graced with noble wounds,
With whose proud record Fame's loud trump
resounds; 480
To Jenkins of the old Palmetto State,

* The years of reconstruction.

† A gallant young Virginian. Bagley was of North Carolina, Hobson of Alabama, and Blue of South Carolina.

So prompt his father's deeds to emulate;
 To Winship,[†] who in fight at Malabon
 Proved that he was a true Confed'rate's son;
 To Fortson,[†] who, 'mid soul-inspiring cheers, 485
 Fell leading on his Western volunteers;
 And with those heroes, Smith,[‡] of Tennessee,
 Who, in that distant land across the sea,
 So freely offered for the Stripes and Stars
 The life oft periled for the Stars and Bars. 490
 Henceforth may peace and love our States unite
 And may no note of discord mar the might
 Of our republic, giant of the West,
 Of all the lands the noblest and the best.
 Vicksburg, heroic city, true and brave; 495
 Charleston, the dauntless, near Atlantic's wave;
 New Orleans and Mobile with hearts so true
 And Chattanooga famed for battles two;
 Nashville, who heard the volleyed thunders roar,
 And Winchester, who saw alternate soar 500
 The flags of South and North, and brave old town
 Of Fredericksburg that felt War's dark'ning
 frown;
 Atlanta and Columbia, swept by fire
 That spread through all their bounds destruction
 dire;
 Richmond and Petersburg, of noble fame, 505
 Where many a hero won a deathless name;
 All centers once of sad fraternal strife,
 From out War's ruins rising to new life,
 With strength and beauty greater than of yore,
 Have done their utmost to unite once more 510
 In loving bonds the States of South and North,
 And from their portals fair have issued forth
 Those who, as blessed messengers of peace,
 Have helped to make the wrath of brothers cease.

[†] A naval officer, born in Macon, Ga., and son of a Confederate captain.

[†] A young Georgian of a well-known Confederate family.

[‡] Colonel Smith of the First Tennessee regiment, who died in the Philippines.